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THE

BRITISH CLASSICS:

VOLUME THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

CONTAINING THE

ELEVENTH VOLUME

OF

SWIFT'S WORKS.

1812.

TO NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

ARRANGED BY

THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

CORRECTED AND REVISED

BY JOHN NICHOLS, F. A. S.

EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

VOLUME XI.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.

A RECEIPT to restore Stella's Youth, ... 1
Stella's Birth-day, 1724-5, ... 3
Epigram on Wood's Brass Money, ... 4
A Simile on our Want of Silver, ... 5
Wood an Insect, ... 6
Prometheus; or Wood the Patentee's Irish Halfpence, . . 7
On Wood the Ironmonger, ... 10
Will Wood's Petition to the People of Ireland, ... 11
A new Song on Wood's Halfpence 13
A serious Poem on Will Wood, ... 17
To Quilca, ... 19
Upon stealing a Crown, when the Dean was asleep, . . 20
The Dean's Answer, ... 21
Ode on Science, ... 22
Stella's Birth-day, 1726-7, ... 24
Horace, Book I. Ode 14, paraphrased, ... 27
Verses on the sudden drying up of St. Patrick's Well, . . 28
On reading Dr. Young's Satires, ... 33
The Dog and Thief, ... 34
Advice to the Grub Street Verse Writers, ... 35
Epistle to a Lady, ... 38
A young Lady's Complaint for the Dean's stay in England, 45
Palinodia. Horace, Book I. Ode 16, ... 47
Bec's Birth-day, ... 49
On the Collar of Tiger, ... 51
Epigrams on Windows, ... 51-55
To Janus, on New-Year's Day, ... ib.
A pastoral Dialogue between Richmond Lodge and Marble Hill, ... 56
Desire and Possession, ... 60
On Censure, ... 62

The Furniture of a Woman's Mind, ... 63
Clever Tom Clinch going to be hanged, ... 65
Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope, while writing the Dunciad, . . 66
A Love Poem from a Physician, ... 68
To Dean Swift, by Sir Arthur Acheson, ... 69
Dean Swift at Sir Arthur Acheson's, ... 70
On a very old Glass at Market Hill, ... 72
Dr. Swift's Answer, ... ib.
On cutting down the old Thorn at Market-hill, . . . ib.
Epitaph on the Earl of Suffolk's Fool in Berkley Church-yard, 76
My Lady's Lamentation and Complaint, ... ib.
A pastoral Dialogue between Dermot and Sheelah, . . . 80
On the Five Ladies at Sot's-hole, ... 83
The Five Ladies' Answer, by Dr. Sheridan, ... 85
The Bean's Reply, ... 86
The Journal of a Modern Lady, ... 87
A Dialogue between mad Mullinix and Timothy, ... 96
Tim and the Fables, ... 104
Tom Mullinix and Dick, ... 105
Dick, a Maggot, ... 107
Clad all in Brown, ... ib.
Dick's Variety, ... 109
Epitaph on General Gorges, and Lady Meath, ... 110
Verses on I know not what, ... 111
Dr. Swift to himself, on St. Cecelia's Day, ... ib.
Dr. Sheridan's Ballad on Ballyspellin, ... 112
Answer, by Dr. Swift, ... 115
Latin Inscription by Dean Smedley on himself, ... 117
Parody on a Character of Dean Smedley, ... ib.
Paulus; an Epigram. By Mr. Lindsay, ... 119
The Answer, by Dr Swift, ... 120
A Dialogue between an eminent Lawyer and Dr. Swift, . 125
On burning a dull Poem, ... 127
On Paddy's Character of the Intelligencer, ... 128
An Epistle to Lord Carteret, by Dr. Delany, ... 129
An Epistle upon an Epistle, from a certain Doctor to a certain great Lord, ... 132
A Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret, ... 136
To Dr. Delany on the Libels written against him, . . . 142
Directions for making a Birthday Song, ... 148
Boots Rimés. On Signora Domitilla, ... 156
Helter Skelter, or the Hue and Cry after the Attornies, . 158
The Puppetshow, ... 160
The grand Question debated of Hamilton's Bawn, . . . 163
Drapier's Hill, ... 169
The Dean's Reasons for not building on Drapier's Hill, . 170

A Panegyric on the Dean, - - - - - - 174
Twelve Articles, - - - - - - 184
The Revolution at Market Hill, - - - - 188
Traulus, a Dialogue between Tom and Robin, - - 190
Robin and Harry, - - - - - - 195
To Betty the Grisette, - - - - - - 197
Death and Daphne, - - - - - - 198
Daphne, - - - - - - - 201
The Pheasant and the Lark, by Dr. Delany, - - - 203
Answer by the Dean, - - - - - - 208
The Progress of Marriage, - - - - - 211
An excellent new Ballad on the true English Dean, - - 216
On Stephen Duck, - - - - - - 219
The Lady's Dressing Room, - - - - - 220
The Power of Time, - - - - - - 224
On Mr. Pulteney's being put out of the Council, - - 225
Epitaph on the Duke of Schomberg, - - - - 227
Cassinus and Peter, - - - - - - 228
A beautiful young Nymph going to Bed, - - - 232
Strephon and Chloe, - - - - - - 234
Apollo, or a Problem solved, - - - - - 244
The Place of the Damned, - - - - - 245
The Day of Judgment, - - - - - - 246
Judas, - - - - - - - - 247
An Epistle to Mr. Gay, - - - - - - 248
On the Irish Bishops, - - - - - - 253
Horace, Book IV. Ode 19. Addressed to Humphrey French, Esq. Lord Mayor of Dublin, - - - - - 254
On the Death of Dr. Swift, - - - - - 258
Epistle to two Friends, - - - - - - 275
Dr. Helsham's Answer, - - - - - - 277
A Letter to Dr. Helsham, - - - - - 279
Epigrams on the Busts in Richmond Hermitage, - - 281
Conclusion from these Epigrams, with Dr. Swift's Answer, - 282
To the Rev. Dr. Swift, by the Earl of Orrery, - - ib.
To the same, by Dr. Delany, - - - - - 283
The Answer by the Dean, - - - - - 284
An Invitation by Dr. Delany, in the Name of Dr. Swift, - 285
The Beasts' Confession, - - - - - - 286
The Parson's Case, - - - - - - 295
The Hardship upon the Ladies, - - - - 296
A Love Song in the Modern Taste, - - - - ib.
On the Words Brother Protestants, &c. - - - 298
Bettesworth's Exultation upon hearing that his Name would be transmitted to Posterity in Dr. Swift's Works, - 300
The Yahoo's Overthrow, - - - - - 302

On the Archbishop of Cashel and Bettesworth, - 305
On the Irish Club, - - - - - - - 306
On Poetry, a Rhapsody, - - - - - - 307
A new Simile for the Ladies, by Dr. Sheridan, - - 322
Answer, by Dr. Swift, - - - - - - - 325
Character of the Legion Club, - - - - - 330
On a Printer's being sent to Newgate, - - - - 338
A Vindication of the Libel, &c. - - - - - ib.
A friendly Apology for Hartley Hutchinson, - - - 340
Horace, Part of Book I. Sat. 4, paraphrased, - - - 342
Verses sent to the Dean by Dr. Sican, - - - - 343
Epigram by Mr. Bowyer, intended to be placed under the Head of Gulliver, - - - - - - - 346
On Psyche, - - - - - - - - ib.
The Dean and Duke, - - - - - - - 347
Dr. Swift, on his own Deafness, - - - - - 348
The Dean's Complaint, translated and answered, - - ib.
Epigram on Vertiginosus, by Mr. Bowyer, - - - 350
On Dr. Rundle, Bishop of Derry, - - - - - ib.
Epigram on the same, - - - - - - - 352
An Apology, &c. - - - - - - - 353
The Dean's Manner of Living, - - - - - 358
Verses made for Fruit Women, &c. - - - - - ib.
On Rover, a Lady's Spaniel, - - - - - 361
To Dr. Swift. A Birthday Poem, Nov. 30, 1736, - - 363
Ay and No. A Tale from Dublin, - - - - 365
An Answer to a Friend's Question, - - - - 366
Epigram, - - - - - - - - - 367
To Dr. Swift on his Birthday, by Mrs. Pilkington, - - ib.
On Dr. Swift, - - - - - - - - 368
Epigrams occasioned by Dr. Swift's intended Hospital for Idiots, - - - - - - - - 369
On the Dean of St. Patrick's Birthday, being Nov. 30, St. Andrew's Day, - - - - - - - - 370
An Epistle to R. Nugent, Esq. with a Picture of Dr. Swift, - 372
On the Drapier. By Dr. Dunkin, - - - - - 376
Epitaph proposed by Dr. Swift, - - - - - 377
Epigram on Two Great Men, - - - - - - 378
To the Memory of Dr. Swift, - - - - - - ib.
An Inscription intended for a Compartment in Dr. Swift's Monument, - - - - - - - - 382
Epigram occasioned by the above Inscription, - - ib.
A Cantata, - - - - - - - - 383
Verses on two celebrated modern Poets, - - - 395
Upon Carthy's threatening to translate Pindar, - - ib.
Epigram. Delacourt's complimenting Carthy on his Poetry, 396

POEMS

BY

DR. SWIFT.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5.

THE Scottish hinds, too poor to house
In frosty nights their starving cows,
While not a blade of grass or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Must let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain,
Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
And nothing left but skin and bone;
Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They just keep life and soul together,
Till summer showers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And, as the vegetables rise,
The famish'd cow her want supplies:
Without an ounce of last year's flesh;
Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As rising from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to enchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.

Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
If I compare you to a cow?
'Tis just the case; for you have fasted
So long, till all your flesh is wasted;
And must against the warmer days
Be sent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your skin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood:
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever understood,
By human kind, but flesh and blood?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former you;
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the 'squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jockey boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices o' quorum,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiss your steps at Quilca gates,
But, lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case;
For if to Michaelmas you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away;
The 'squire in scorn will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse;
But here, before the frost can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5.

As, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she's past her dancing days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the Dean supplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too sad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen,
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me;
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You must be grave, and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose:
But I'll be still yo ur friend in prose

Esteem and friendship to express,
Will not require poetic dress;
And, if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.
  But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time sits, with his sithe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown:
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight;
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm asham'd to use a glass;
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
  No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit:
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see.
O, ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight!

EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

Carteret was welcom'd to the shore
First with the brazen cannon's roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;

Approaching near the town, he hears
The brazen bells salute his ears:
But, when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE, ON OUR WANT OF SILVER,

AND THE ONLY WAY TO REMEDY IT. 1725.

As when of old some sorceress threw
O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believ'd with reason
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her silver face again.
Note here, that in the chemic style,
The moon is silver all this while.
So (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too longwinded)
When late a feminine magician,*
Join'd with a brazen politician,
Expos'd to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment† of prodigious size;

* A great lady was said to have been bribed by Wood. N.
† The patent for coining halfpence. N.

Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no silver to be seen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppose his countercharm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the Devil:
And when the sky is grown serene,
Our silver will appear again.

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

By long observation I have understood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The first is an insect they call a wood-louse,
That folds up itself in itself for a house,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Inclos'd *cap à pié*, in a strong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears:
And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone.*
The louse of the wood for a medicine is us'd,
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruis'd.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice possest,
Or sick of obstructions, and pains in her chest.
The next is an insect we call a wood-worm,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form;

* He was in jail for debt. F.

With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a deathwatch;
Because like a watch it always cries click;
Then wo be to those in the house who are sick:
For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries click when it scratches the post.
But a kettle of scalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected:
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, wh n he scratch'd at the door
Of a governing statesman or favourite whore:
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretell,
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell.
But now, since the Drapier has heartily maul'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him.
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of raps* in a cauldron of oil.
Then choose which you please, and let each bring a faggot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the maggot.

PROMETHEUS,

ON WOOD† THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALFPENCE. 1724.

As when the squire and tinker Wood,
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,

* Counterfeit halfpence. F.
† See an account of Wood's project in the Drapier's Letters. N.

Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass;
The mixture thus by chymic art
United close in ev'ry part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continued species;
And, by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck.
So, to confound this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, tories, trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, conformists, presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French unite,
With equal int'rest, equal spite;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opinion jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.
A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites:
So goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough:
So by the kettle's loud alarm
The bees are gather'd to a swarm:
So by the brazen trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster:
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings.

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
But fasten'd to his throne above,
So strong that from the lower end,
They say, all human things depend.

This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of gold.
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolv'd, and into money coin'd;
Then whips me on a chain of brass:
(Venus* was bribed to let it pass.)
Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd:
No temple to his godship rais'd;
No sacrifice at altars blaz'd;
In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
Jove stood amaz'd; but looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.
Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Tied with a chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasus to shiver,
While vultures eat his growing liver.

III.

Ye pow'rs of Grub-street, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus? Wood.
For Jove, it is not hard to guess him;
I mean his majesty, God bless him.
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold,

* A great lady was said to have been bribed by Wood. N.

Which links the subject to the king,
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us but brass,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.
  But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus shall be ti'd,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows.

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER. 1725.

  Salmoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad coppersmith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep;
Among a crew of roystering fellows
Would sit whole evenings at the alehouse:
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring scab must needs devise
To ape the thunder of the skies:
With brass two fiery steeds he shod
To make a clattering as they trod.
Of polish'd brass his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar:
And up he mounts into the box,
And he must thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch

With squibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
Among the trembling crowd below.
All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity:
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To see the wicked varlet sprawling;
They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base;
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder.
The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adulterate copper;
Which, as he scatter'd, we like dolts
Mistook at first for thunderbolts,
Before the Drapier shot a letter,
(Nor Jove himself could do it better)
Which, lightning on th' impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND;

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, SUPPOSED TO BE MADE AND SUNG IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN, BY WILLIAM WOOD, IRONMONGER AND HALFPENNYMONGER. 1725.

My dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine;

So fair and so bright,
They'll give you delight;
Observe how they glisten and shine!

They'll sell to my grief,
As cheap as neckbeef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Spanfarthing, or toss on the knife.

Come hither, and try;
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come: threepence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding.*

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is such,
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him,

The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes:
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine and be d—'d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

* The Drapier's printer. F

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade:*
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty brass,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a son of a whore
If I have a word more
To say in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not pass,
I must die like an ass;
And so I conclude my petition.

A NEW SONG

ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

Ye people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty:
At this time I'll choose to be wiser than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

* Two famous bankers. F.

The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and
brewing;
In short, you must all go to rack and to ruin.
Which, &c.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall
men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall
men,
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which, &c.

The soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His fivepence will prove but a farthing a day,
For meat, or for drink; or he must run away.
Which, &c.

When he pulls out his twopence, the tapster says not,
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot;
And thus the poor soldier must soon go to pot.
Which, &c.

If he goes to the baker, the baker will huff,
And twentypence have for a twopenny loaf,
Then, dog, rogue, and rascal, and so kick and cuff.
Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The butcher and soldier must be mortal foes,
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.
Which, &c.

The butcher is stout, and he values no swagger;
A cleaver's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may stagger.
Which, &c.

The beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are sunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they must live on their lice.
Which, &c.

The squire possess'd of twelve thousand a year,
O Lord; What a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have houseroom, I fear.
Which, &c.

Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse;
But the squire's too wise, he will not take a souse.
Which, &c.

The farmer, who comes with his rent in this cash,
For taking these counters, and being so rash,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himself and his trash.
Which, &c.

For, in all the leases that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mould.
Which, &c.

The wisest of lawyers all swear, they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current;
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure on't.
Which, &c.

And, I think, after all, it would be very strange,
To give current money for base in exchange,
Like a fine lady swopping her moles for the mange.
Which, &c.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find,
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his Majesty's kind.
Which, &c.

Now God bless the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise:
He shows us the cheat, from the end to the rise.
Which, &c.

Nay, farther he shows it a very hard case,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which, &c.

That he and his halfpence should come to weigh down
Our subjects so loyal and true to the crown;
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
Which, &c.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book 'tis against Mr. Wood's;
If you stand true together, he's left in the suds.
Which, &c.

Ye shopmen, and tradesmen, and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it;
Or egad, if you don't, there's an end of your credit.
Which nobody can deny.

A SERIOUS POEM

UPON WILLIAM WOOD, BRAZIER, TINKER, HARDWARE MAN, COINER, FOUNDER, AND ESQUIRE.

When foes are o'ercome, we preserve them from slaughter,
To be hewers of Wood, and drawers of water.
Now, although to draw water is not very good;
Yet we all should rejoice to be hewers of Wood.
I own, it has often provok'd me to mutter,
That a rogue so obscure should make such a clutter.
But ancient philosophers wisely remark,
That old rotten Wood will shine in the dark.
The Heathens, we read, had Gods made of Wood,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good:
But this idol Wood may do us great evil:
Their Gods were of Wood; but our Wood is the Devil,
To cut down fine Wood, is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much gold it will bring:
Then, if cutting down Wood brings money good store,
Our money to keep, let us cut down one more.
Now hear an old tale: There anciently stood
(I forget in what church) an image of Wood.
Concerning this image, there went a prediction,
It would burn a whole forest; nor was it a fiction.
'Twas cut into faggots and put to the flame,
To burn an old friar, one Forest by name.
My tale is a wise one, if well understood:
Find you but the Friar; and I'll find the Wood.
I hear, among scholars there is a great doubt,
From what kind of tree this Wood was hewn out.

Teague made a good pun by a brogue in his speech;
And said, "By my shoul, he's the son of a BEECH."
Some call him a Thorn, the curse of the nation,
As Thorns were design'd to be from the creation.
Some think him cut out from the poisonous Yew,
Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.
Some says he's a birch, a thought very odd;
For none but a dunce would come under his rod.
But I'll tell the secret; and pray do not blab:
He is an old stump, cut out of a Crab;
And England has put this Crab to a hard use,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us verjuice;
And therefore his witnesses justly may boast,
That none are more properly knights of the Post.
I ne'er could endure my talent to smother:
I told you one tale, and I'll tell you another.
A joiner, to fasten a saint in a nitch,
Bor'd a large augur-hole in the image's breech:
But, finding the statue to make no complaint,
He would ne'er be convinc'd it was a true saint.
When the true Wood arrives, as he soon will, no doubt,
(For that's but a sham Wood they carry about:*)
What stuff he is made of you quickly may find,
If you make the same trial, and bore him behind.
I'll hold you a groat, when you wimble his bum,
He'll bellow as loud as the Devil in a drum.
From me, I declare, you shall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And, when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may show him about for a new groaning board.
Hear one story more, and then I will stop.
I dream'd Wood was told he should die by a drop:

* He was frequently burnt in effigy. F.

So methought he resolved no liquor to taste,
For fear the first drop might as well be his last.
But dreams are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it prov'd that he died of a drop at Kilmainham.*
I wak'd with delight; and not without hope,
Very soon to see Wood drop down from a rope.
How he, and how we, at each other should grin!
'Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
But soft! says the Herald; I cannot agree;
For metal on metal is false heraldry.
Why, that may be true; yet Wood upon Wood,
I'll maintain with my life, is heraldry good.

TO QUILCA,

A COUNTRY HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN, IN NO VERY GOOD REPAIR, 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin dropping rain;
Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Shelah* toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns:
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

* Their place of execution. F.
† The name of an Irish servant. N.

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE. 1725.

Far from our debtors; no Dublin letters;
Nor seen by our betters.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A companion with news; a great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat, or choose; a church without pews,
Our horses astray; no straw, oats, or hay;
December in May; our boys run away; all servants at play.

ON STEALING A CROWN WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Dear Dean, since you in sleepy wise
Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your eyes;
Like ghost, I glide along your floor,
And softly shut the parlour door:
For, should I break your sweet repose,
Who knows what money you might lose;
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thousand pound?
Then sleep, my friend; dear Dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me,

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

So, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the least difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens* and sixpence ha'penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me such a deadly cut—
But 'tis observ'd, that men in gowns
Are most inclin'd to plunder crowns.
Could you but change a crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the lady† at St Catharine's
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondisham,‡
And for his victuals let a ragman dish'em.

* A shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland. F.

† Lady Mountcashel. See vol. xvii. N.

‡ Agmondisham Vesey, Esq. of Lucan, in the county of Dublin; comptroller and accomptant general of Ireland, a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Dean had a great esteem. F.

ODE TO SCIENCE.*

O, HEAVENLY born! in deepest dells
If fairest science ever dwells
  Beneath the mossy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods,
With azure beauty gild the floods,
  And flowery carpets lave.

For, melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the sylvan scenes
  With scientific light;
While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
  Though wrapt from mortal sight.

Yet, goddess, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
  Obstructed and depress'd:
Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninspir'd, to shine,
  By Reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught,
To moralize the human thought
  Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws,
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cause
  That blends congenial rays.

* This is written in the same style, and with the same design, a his "Love Song in the modern Taste." H.

Bid bright Astræa gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred suns be born,
  To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac system rolls,
  In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,
Bring sweet philosophy along,
  In metaphysic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold,
  In Heliconian streams.

Drive Thraldom with malignant hand,
To curse some other destin'd land,
  By Folly led astray;
Ierne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her soar, and sing
  Thy universal sway.

So, when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
  Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound,
  And petrifying song.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

MARCH 13, 1726-7.

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills;
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.
  Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.
  Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice;
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes)
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styl'd its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,

Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which, by remembrance, will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.
  Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave;
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;
That patience under torturing pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain:
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;

Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
  Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends,
Than merely to oblige your friends;
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For Virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.
  O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suffering share;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

PARAPHRASED, AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND: 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating isle, tost on ill-fortune's wave,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand:
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.

UNHAPPY ship, thou art return'd in vain;
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
Lost are thy oars, that us'd thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors, on either side;
Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood
The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough eastern wind.
Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the strong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.
As when some writer in a public cause
His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper sail;

Till power, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation scar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his trust in popular breath.
A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a power above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heaven relief expects.
'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are brok
That thy descent is from the British oak;
Or, when your name and family you boast,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast,
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns;
Yet, from an empress now a captive grown,
She sav'd Britannia's rights, and lost her own.
In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded stern and painted sides:
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birthday night:
They on the gold brocades and satins rav'd,
And quite forget their country was enslav'd.
Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,
Nor change thy course with every sudden gust;
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
Weary and seasick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind;
As those who long have stood the storms of state,
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

VERSES ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF

ST. PATRICK'S WELL,

Near Trinity College, Dublin, 1726.

By holy zeal inspir'd, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite isle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy* o'errun.
Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.
Hither from Colchos,† with the fleecy ore,
Jason arriv'd two thousand years before.
Thee, happy island, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown :‡
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
Did once their land subdue and civilize:
Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name,
Confess the soil from whence the victors came.
Well may they boast that ancient blood, which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger sons.

* Italy was not properly the native place of St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and where he received his mission; and because he had his new birth there, hence by poetical licence, and by scripture figure, our author calls that country his native Italy. H.

† Orpheus, or the ancient author of the Greek poem on the Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, says, that Jason, who manned the ship Argos at Thessaly, sailed to Ireland. H.

‡ Tacitus, in the life of Julius Agricola, says, that the harbours of Ireland, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world than those of Britain. H.

A conquest and a colony from thee,
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of slavery they felt:
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid,*
Those whom they could not conquer, they betray'd;
Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!
Not by thy valour, but superior guile:
Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine;†
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense:
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see
The fatal changes Time has made in thee!
The Christian rites I introduc'd in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!
Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.
By faith and prayer, this crosier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land:
The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing,‡
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor scorpion's sting.

* In the reign of Henry II. Dermot M'Morrough, king of Leinster, being deprived of his kingdom by Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, he invited the English over as auxiliaries, and promised Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, his daughter and all his dominions as a portion. By this assistance, M'Morrough recovered his crown, and Strongbow became possessed of all Leinster. H.

† St. Patrick arrived in Ireland in the year 431, and completed the conversion of the natives, which had been begun by Palladius and others. And, as bishop Nicholson observes, Ireland soon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Western Christians, as well as the English, had recourse, not only for instructions in the principles of religion, but in all sorts of literature, viz. *legendi et scholasticæ eruditionis gratiâ.* H.

‡ *There* are no snakes, vipers, or toads, in Ireland; and even frog

With omens oft I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains,
I sent the magpie from the British soil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in bishop's geer,
Who crop the nurseries of learning here;
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state?
As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!
See, where that new devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And sudden spreads a numerous offspring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.
Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly flows,
And blessings equally on all bestows.
Here, from the neighbouring nursery of arts,*
The students, drinking, rais'd their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my spring their Hippocrene.

were not known here till about the year 1700. The magpies came a short time before; and the Norway rats since. H.

* The university of Dublin, called Trinity College was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591. H.

Discourag'd youths! now all their hopes must fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
And by their sweat procure a mean support;
Or, for the classics, read "Th' Attorney's Guide;"
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.
O! had I been apostle to the Swiss,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defi'd,
And kept their liberty, or bravely di'd.
Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
The last invaders trampling on the first:
Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run,
The greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;
When, for the use of no Hibernian born,
Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;
When shells and leather shall for money pass,
Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass.*
But all turn leasers to that mongrel breed,†
Who, from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
And waste in luxury thy harvest there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.
I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage resign.

* Wood's project in 1724. H.

† The absentees, who spent the income of their Irish estates, places and pensions, in England. H.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES.

CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 1726.

If there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the king;
A minister* so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the commonweal;
If he† who in the chair presides
So steadily the senate guides:
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in the glorious scheme:
If every peer, whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest!
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair Justice shines;
Her scale to neither side inclines:
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne:
For such is good example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wise;
Or else the truest maxim lies:
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the sun.

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterward Earl of Orford. H.
† Sir Spencer Compton, then speaker, afterward Earl of Wilmington. H.

If this be true, then how much more
When you have nam'd at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he!
Or take it in a different view:
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage:
If that same universal passion
With every vice has fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown:
If clergymen, to show their wit,
Praise classics more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate house can run,
And sell their votes at such a rate,
As will retrieve a lost estate:
If law be such a partial whore,
To spare the rich, and plague the poor;
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curst?

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

Quoth the thief to the dog, let me into your door,
And I'll give you these delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I shall then be more villain than yo
And besides must be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
But my master each day gives me bread;

You'll fly, when you get what you came here to steal,
And I must be hang'd in your stead.

The stockjobber thus from 'Change alley goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink;
Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, your guinea to night would be spent!
Your offers of bribery cease:
I'll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay rent,
Or else I may forfeit my lease.

From London they come, silly people to chouse,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament house,
That would turn a man out of his own?

ADVICE

TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS: 1726.

Ye poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye rhymers dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste.

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your stillborn poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
  Then let them well be dried;
And Curll must have a special care
  To leave the margin wide.

Lend these to paper-sparing* Pope;
  And when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
  Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
  Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
  And swear they are your own.

TO A LADY,

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES UPON HER IN THE HEROIC STYLE.

After venting all my spite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my busy Muse employ'd,
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?

* The original copy of Pope's celebrated translation of Homer (preserved in the British Museum) is almost entirely written on the covers of letters, and sometimes between the lines of the letters themselves. N.

Those, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.
  Hearken what my lady says:
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem too dull t' ye;
I can solve the diffi—culty.
  You would teach me to be wise:
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;
How to relish notions high;
How to live, and how to die.
  But it was decreed by Fate—
Mr. Dean you come too late.
Well I know, you can discern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies from my youth instill'd,
Have my soul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your lessons enter.
  Bred a fondling and an heiress;
Drest like any lady mayoress:
Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to teach the ground;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continued playday—
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.

Thus you have my case at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish'd,
When by you refin'd and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a poem.
But, I beg, suspend a while
That same paltry, burlesque style;
Drop for once your constant rule.
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape you;
Court nor parliament can 'scape you;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.
Sing my praise in strain sublime:
Treat me not with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but just, you should produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuse:
Not to publish every trifle,
And my few perfections stifle.
With some gifts at least endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust?
Did I ever break my trust?
Which of all our modern dames
Censures less, or less defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I esteem express'd
For a coxcomb gayly dress'd?

Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to fleer and gibe?
Who with less designing ends
Kindlier entertains her friends;
With good words and countenance sprightly,
Strives to treat them more politely?*
  Think not cards my chief diversion:
'Tis a wrong, unjust aspersion:
Never knew I any good in'em,
But to dose my head like laudanum.
We, by play, as men, by drinking,
Pass our nights, to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leisure,
I shall read and think with pleasure;
Conversation learn to relish,
And with books my mind embellish.
  Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you must reply.
  Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All these praises are your due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloss over;
Placing in the strongest light
All your virtue to my sight.
  Though you lead a blameless life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Answer all domestic ends:
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging sway,
Servants love you, and obey;
Though you treat us with a smile;
Clear your looks, and smooth your style;

* In some editions, this couplet is wanting.

Load our plates from every dish;
This is not the thing we wish.
Colonel ***** may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us,
With good sense to entertain us.
Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it tasting and imbibing:
Metaphorick meat and drink
Is to understand and think;
We may carve for others thus;
And let others carve for us;
To discourse, and to attend,
Is, to help yourself and friend.
Conversation is but carving;
Carve for all, yourself is starving:
Give no more to every guest,
Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime;
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but just enough:
Let them neither starve nor stuff:
And that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you.
[This comparison will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,
How conversing, listening, thinking,
Justly may resemble drinking;
For a friend a glass you fill,
What is this but to instil?*]
To conclude this long essay;
Pardon, if I disobey;

* These six lines are wanting in some editions. N.

Nor against my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic strain.
I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose:
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate;
And I find it answers right:
Scorn torments them more than spite.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
[Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
'Spy the strutting, chattering vermin?
Safely write a smart lampoon,
To expose the brisk baboon?*]
When my Muse officious ventures
On the nation's representers:
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools:
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull;
Let the vessel split on shelves;
With the freight enrich themselves:
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry:

* These eight lines are also wanting in some editions. N.

Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage:
(Though it must be understood,
I would hang them, if I could)
If I can but fill my niche,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to d'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wise to rule the state.
Pulteney deep, accomplish'd St. Johns,
Scourge the villians with a vengeance:
Let me, though the smell be noisome,
Strip their bums; let Caleb* hoise 'em;
Then apply Alecto's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.
Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean:
What can all this passion mean?
Mention courts! you'll ne'er be quiet
On corruptions running riot.
End as it befits your station;
Come to use and application:
Nor with senates keep a fuss.
I submit; and answer thus:
If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buskins,
Mournful elegies on Blueskins.†
If I laugh at whig and tory;
I conclude *à fortiori*,

* Caleb d'Anvers, the writer of the Craftsman. H.

† The famous thief, who, while on his trial at the Old Bailey stabbed Jonathan Wild. H.

All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I must insist on: for, as
It is well observ'd by Horace,*
Ridicule has greater power
To reform the world, than sour.
Horses thus, let jockies judge else,
Switches better guide than cudgels.
Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only dulness can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the spirits all a working.
  Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you less than merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain;
It but stupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;
Gives imagination scope;
Never lets your mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reason and invention.
For your sake, as well as mine,
I the lofty style decline.
I should make a figure scurvy,
And your head turn topsyturvy.†
  I, who love to have a fling
Both at senatehouse and king;
That they might some better way tread,
To avoid the public hatred;
Thought no method more commodious,
Than to show their vices odious;

* "Ridiculum acri, &c." H.
† This couplet is wanting in some editions. N.

Which I chose to make appear,
Not by anger, but by sneer.
As my method of reforming,
Is by laughing, not by storming,
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderness my greatest fault)
Would you have me change my style?
On your faults no longer smile;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals:
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching Wisdom's use?
If I treat you like a crown'd head,
You have cheap enough compounded;
Can you put in higher claims,
Than the owners of St. James?
You are not so great a grievance,
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.
You are of a lower class
Than my friend, Sir Robert Brass.
None of these have mercy found:
I have laugh'd, and lash'd them round.
Have you seen a rocket fly?
You would swear it pierc'd the sky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there;
Thousand sparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown:
See what mirth the sport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime,
Such a rocket is my Muse:
Should I lofty numbers choose,

Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top,
I should burst, and bursting drop,
All my fire would fall in scraps;
Give your head some gentle raps;
Only make it smart a while:
Then could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon sight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with sense whate'er you please on:
Learn to relish truth and reason?
  Thus we both shall gain our prize,
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT,

FOR THE STAY OF THE DEAN IN ENGLAND.

Blow, ye zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the swelling sails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three fork'd, trident strong:
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the rose in May,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently wash'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, Neptune, lull asleep
Ruffling storms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous state,
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my Golden fleece,
Argo, bring him to his Greece.

Will Cadenus longer stay?
Come, Cadenus, come away;
Come with all the haste of love,
Come unto thy turtle dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee,
Luscious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inspiring just delight;
All are ripe, and courting sue
To be pluck'd and press'd by you.
Pinks have lost their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head,
Every flower languid seems,
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wond'rous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, Cadenus, bless once more,
Bless again thy native shore,
Bless again this drooping isle,
Make its weeping beauties smile,
Beauties that thine absence mourn,
Beauties wishing thy return:
Come, Cadenus, come with haste,
Come before the winter's blast;
Swifter than the lightning fly,
Or I, like Vanessa, die.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

GREAT sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whose verses far his rays outshine,
  Look down upon your quondam foe;
O! let me never write again,
If e'er I disoblige you, Dean,
  Should you compassion show.

Take those iambicks which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
  And give them to your cook,
To singe your fowl, or save your paste,
The next time when you have a feast;
  They'll save you many a book.

To burn them, you are not content;
I give you then my free consent,
  To sink them in the harbour:
If not, they'll serve to set off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twist in locks;
  So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your physic take,
I must entreat you then to make
  A proper application;
'Tis what I've done myself before,
With Dan's fine thoughts, and many more,
  Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do ?
It makes the weak the strong pursue,
  A goose attack a swan ;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her husband's hands and face assail,
  While he's no longer man.

Though some, we find, are more discreet,
Before the world are wondrous sweet,
  And let their husbands hector :
But, when the world's asleep, they wake,
That is the time they choose to speak ;
  Witness the curtain lecture.

Such was the case with you, I find :
All day you could conceal your mind ;
  But when St. Patrick's chimes
Awak'd your Muse (my midnight curse,
When I engag'd for better for worse)
  You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done ! have done ! I quit the field,
To you, as to my wife, I yield :
  As she must wear the breeches :
So shall you wear the laurel crown,
Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own ;
  The poet's only riches.

BEC'S* BIRTHDAY. Nov. 8, 1726.

This day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one, she'd give it ye:
She chose a thread of greatest length,
And doubly twisted it for strength;
Nor will be able with her shears
To cut it off these forty years.
Then who says care will kill a cat?
Rebecca shows they're out in that.
For she, though overrun with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
As, if the gout should seize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to th' extremest parts,
They give the sick man joy, and praise
The gout that will prolong his days.
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet;
For, though philosophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,
By arbitrary power convey her,
She ne'er considers why, or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-stander;
And all her bustling but supplies
The part of wholesome exercise.
Thus nature has resolv'd to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.

* Mrs. Dingley. N.

Long may she live, and help her friends
Whene'er it suits her private ends;
Domestic business never mind
Till coffee has her stomach lin'd;
But, when her breakfast gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken-porridge;
I mean when Tiger* has been serv'd,
Or else poor Stella may be starv'd.
May Bec have many an evening nap,
With Tiger slabbering in her lap;
But always take a special care
She does not overset the chair!
Still be she curious, never hearken
To any speech but Tiger's barking!
And when she's in another scene,
Stella long dead, but first the Dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will please her better!
Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her;
A goodly set as can be found
Of hearty gossips prating round;
Fresh from a wedding or a christening,
To teach her ears the art of listening,
And please her more to hear them tattle,
Than the Dean storm, or Stella rattle.
Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elysian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her!

* Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap dog. N.

ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER,

MRS. DINGLEY'S LAPDOG.

PRAY steal me not; I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this fourfooted thing lies.

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

MOST OF THEM WRITTEN IN 1726.

I. ON A WINDOW AT AN INN.

We fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardships in pursuit of health;
From generous wines and costly fare,
And dozing in an easy chair;
Pursue the goddess Health in vain,
To find her in a country scene,
And every where her footsteps trace,
And see her marks in every face;
And still her favourites we meet,
Crowding the roads with naked feet.
But oh! so faintly we pursue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

II. AT AN INN IN ENGLAND.

The glass, by lovers' nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight:
So when our passions Love has stirr'd,
It darkens Reason's light.

III. ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

The church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near akin;
Both weatherbeaten are without;
And empty both within.

IV. ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

My landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l:
Your pockets grow empty,
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is so sour,
'Twill give you a scour:
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with stale.
The veal is such carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a smelt.

V. ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

The walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And strangers delight to walk round 'em;
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and sellers,
For me, you may hang 'em, or drown 'em.

VI. ANOTHER, AT HOLYHEAD.*

O Neptune! Neptune! must I still
Be here detain'd against my will?
Is this your justice, when I'm come
Above two hundred miles from home!
O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,
Half chok'd with dust, half drown'd with rains;
Only your Godship to implore,
To let me kiss your other shore?
A boon so small! but I may weep,
While you're, like Baal, fast asleep.

VII. ANOTHER, WRITTEN UPON A WINDOW WHERE THERE WAS NO WRITING BEFORE.

Thanks to my stars, I once can see
A window here from scribbling free!

* These verses are signed J— K—; but written, as it is presumed, by Dr. Swift's hand. D. S.]

Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To stretch their paltry drabs on glass;
Nor party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

VIII. ON SEEING VERSES WRITTEN UPON WINDOWS AT INNS.

The sage, who said he should be proud
  Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er a thought allow'd
  That might not be confest;
His window scrawl'd by every rake,
  His breast again would cover;
And fairly bid the Devil take
  The diamond and the lover.

IX. ANOTHER.

By Satan taught, all conjurers know
Your mistress in a glass to show,
  And you can do as much:
In this the Devil and you agree:
None e'er made verses worse than he,
  And thine I swear are such.

X. ANOTHER.

THAT love is the Devil, I'll prove when requir'd;
Those rhymers abundantly show it.
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
And the Devil's a damnable poet.

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY. 1726.

TWO-FAC'D Janus, god of Time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhime;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new year's gift:
She has got but half a face;
Janus, since thou hast a brace,
To my lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.
God of Time, if you be wise,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward sight?
Well, if you could lose it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor Isle's* approaching ruin,
When thy retrospection vast
Sees the glorious ages past?
Happy nation, were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind!
Drown your morals, madam cries,
I'll have none but forward eyes;

* Ireland. H.

Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back.
Give me Time when coming on:
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the Dean though gravely told,
New years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new year's lace
Burnishes an old year's face:
Give me velvet and quadrille,
I'll have youth and beauty still.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

WRITTEN AFTER THE NEWS OF THE KING'S DEATH.*

RICHMOND LODGE is a house with a small park belonging to the Crown. It was usually granted by the Crown for a lease of years. The Duke of Ormond was the last who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the king. The prince and princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARBLE HILL is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bedchamber, afterward countess of Suffolk, and groom of the stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond Lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler and keeper of the ice-house. Upon King George's death, these two houses met, and had the following dialogue.

IN spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say;
Sing on I must, and sing I will
Of Richmond Lodge and Marble Hill.

George I, who died after a short sickness by eating a melon, at Osnabrug, in his way to Hanover, June 11, 1727. The poem was carried to court, and read to King George II. and Queen Caroline. *H.*

Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news;
For, by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE HILL.

Quoth Marble Hill, right well I ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen:
You'll find it soon by woful proof;
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we should put no trust in princes:
My royal master promis'd me
To raise me to a high degree;
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find as true!

MARBLE HILL.

My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling,
To raise the stairs, or build the ceiling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound;
'Tis come to what I always thought;
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn:

For those we dext'rous courtiers call,
Can rise upon their masters' fall.
But we, unlucky and unwise,
Must fall because our masters rise.

RICHMOND LODGE.

My master, scarce a fortnight since,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any king:
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE HILL.

No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine;
My ice house rob, as heretofore,
And steal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
Bedraggled in my walks so green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope:
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICHMOND LODGE.

Here wont the Dean, when he's to seek,
To spunge a breakfast once a week;
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be said,
No butter sticks upon his bread.
We soon shall find him full of spleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His reverence and her highness walking:

While lady Charlotte,* like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly sight to see her ride
With ancient Mirmont† at her side,
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for show beneath his arm.

MARBLE HILL.

Some South Sea broker from the city
Will purchase me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waste,
To fit them to his vulgar taste;
Chang'd for the worse in every part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

RICHMOND LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drowned,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head;
Except her majesty prevails
To place me with the Prince of Wales;
And then I shall be free from fears,
For he'll be prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times, as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope:
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

MARBLE HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap
In summer on my verdant lap:

* Lady Charlotte de Rousy, a French lady. H.
† Marquis de Mirmont, a Frenchman of quality. H.

Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kensington, or hot St. James's;
Nor shall I dull in silence sit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit:
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wildernesses,
Assist all poets in distresses.
Him twice a week I here expect,
To rattle Moody* for neglect;
An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
In tippling at the Dog and Partridge;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to brush my gown.

RICHMOND LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble Hill;
But hope to see you flourish still.
All happiness—and so adieu.

MARBLE HILL.

Kind Richmond Lodge, the same to you.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'Tis strange what different thoughts inspire
In men, Possession, and Desire!
Think what they wish so great a blessing;
So disappointed when possessing!
A moralist profoundly sage
I know not in what book or page,

* The gardener. H.

Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale:
  Possession, and Desire his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a race;
And kept at first an equal pace:
'Tis said, their course continued long;
For this was active, that was strong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Misled them many a league about,
Seduc'd by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through slippery by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.
  Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew:
'Till, entering on a broad highway,
Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground:
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view;
In hope to spring some nobler game;
But all he took was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.
  Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strow'd;
But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
  Desire had now the goal in sight:
It was a tower of monstrous height;

Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands;
Beneath a chasm as deep as Hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Desire in rapture gaz'd a while,
And saw the treacherous goddess smile;
But, as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down!
He tumbled in the gulf profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.
Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumbrous weight:
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcass light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE. 1727.

YE wise, instruct me to endure
An evil, which admits no cure;
Or, how this evil can be born,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are try'd in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit;
All others, who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.

The world, a willing stander by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie:
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are strong!
  Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
  The most effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is—to let them talk.

HE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.

1727.

  A SET of phrases learn'd by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play, to laugh or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;

Has every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight will put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg, or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
  In choosing lace, a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute,
What linen best the silk will suit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
  If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
Can dext'rously her husband tease,
By taking fits whene'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one air so pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hairlace,

She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious, like a man.
In party, furious to her power;
A bitter whig, or tory sour;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend;
Will prove herself a tory plain,
From principles the whigs maintain;
And, to defend the whiggish cause,
Her topics from the tories draws.
O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding;*
She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition;
They may outsell a better thing:
So, halloo, boys; God save the king!

CLEVER TOM CLINCH

GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,
He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches, were white;
His cap had a new cherry riband to tye't.

* Widow of John Harding, the Drapier's printer. F.

The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And said, "Lack a-day! he's a proper young man!"
But, as from the windows the ladies he spi'd,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each side;
And, when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
He swore from his cart, "It was all a damn'd lye!"
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then said, I must speak to the people a little;
But I'll see you all damn'd before I will whittle.*
My honest friend Wild† (may he long hold his place)
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;
My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
And thus I go off without prayer-book or psalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD. 1727.

Pope has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

* A cant word for confessing at the gallows. F.

† The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving stolen goods. F.

A while they on each other look,
  Then different studies choose;
The Dean sits plodding on a book;
  Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now backs of letters, though design'd
  For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
  Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by some other struck
  All turns and motions tries:
Till, in a lump together stuck,
  Behold a poem rise:

Yet to the Dean his share allot;
  He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
  Is, *causa sine quâ non.*

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;
  For, had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,
  You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock* thus, for preaching fam'd,
  The sexton reason'd well;
And justly half the merit claim'd,
  Because he rang the bell.

* The dean of St. Paul's, father to the bishop. H.

A LOVE POEM

FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

WRITTEN AT LONDON.

By poets we are well assur'd
That love, alas! can ne'er be cur'd:
A complicated heap of ills,
Despising boluses and pills.
Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since first I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty hard bound,
I strain my guts, my colon wound.
Now jealousy, my grumbling tripes
Assaults with grating, grinding gripes.
When pity in those eyes I view,
My bowels wambling make me spew.
When I an amorous kiss design'd,
I belch'd a hurricane of wind.
Once you a gentle sigh let fall;
Remember how I suck'd it all:
What colick pangs from thence I felt,
Had you but known, your heart would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till Nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the hemorrhoids;
And loathsome worms my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
I feel my body all inflam'd;

Which, breaking out in boils and blanes,
With yellow filth my linen stains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd thirst,
Smallbeer I guzzle till I burst;
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
Swell'd with a dropsy, like a porpoise;
When, if I cannot purge or stale,
I must be tapp'd to fill a pail.

TO DEAN SWIFT.

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON. 1728.

Good cause have I to sing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the Drapier:
He, that of every ear's the charmer,
Now condescends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his strains;
Lives such a bard on British plains?
No; not in all the British court;
For none but witlings there resort,
Whose names and works (though dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad;
And, sure as monument of brass,
Their fame to future time shall pass;
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brazen knight they vainly sung:
A subject for their genius fit;
He dares defy both sense and wit.
What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge, without the least pretence
To common law, or common sense;

A bishop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons shine:
Nay, he can make, what's greater far,
A middle state 'twixt peace and war;
And say, there shall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-hill! at least,
That court and courtiers have no taste:
You never else had known the Dean,
But as of old, obscurely lain;
All things gone on the same dull track,
And Drapier's-hill* been still Drumlack;
But now your name with Penshurst vies,
And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S,

IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

The Dean would visit Market-hill,
Our invitation was but slight;
I said—"Why let him, if he will:"
And so I bade Sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected,
And so we saw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

* The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he rented of Sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat lay between that and Market-hill; and intended to build a house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind. F.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
  And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
  Though not a soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,
  Methinks, or else the Devil's in't;
But he cares not for it a rush,
  Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
  In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
  And that he may command the chaise.

Or you may say—"My wife intends,
  Though I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends,
  And, sir, I know, you hate a crowd."

Or, "Mr. Dean—I should with joy
  Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to Aghnecloy;*
  Or, Mr. Moore will take it ill."

The house accounts are daily rising;
  So much his stay doth swell the bills;
My dearest life, it is surprising,
  How much he eats, how much he swills.

His brace of puppies how they stuff!
  And they must have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough;
  His horses too eat all our hay.

* The seat of Acheson Moore, Esq. in the county of Tyrone. F.

O! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow face and wainscot paws,
His beetle brows, and eyes of wall,
And make him soon give up the cause!

Must I be every moment chid
With *Skymnebonia, Snipe, and *Lean?*
O! that I could but once be rid
Of this insulting tyrant Dean!

ON A VERY OLD GLASS AT MARKET-HILL,

FRAIL glass! thou bear'st that name as well as I;
Though none can tell, which of us first shall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT.

ME only chance can kill; thou, frailer creature,
May'st die, like me, by chance; but must by nature.

ON CUTTING DOWN THE OLD THORN

AT MARKET-HILL.

AT Market-Hill, as well appears,
By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many hundred years
A spacious thorn before the gate.

* *The Dean used to call Lady Acheson by those names.* F.

Hither came every village maid,
  And on the boughs her garland hung;
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
  Secure from satyrs sate and sung.

Sir Archibald,* that valorous knight,
  The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and listen with delight;
  For he was fond of rural strain.

(Sir Archibald, whose favourite name
  Shall stand for ages on record,
By Scottish bards of highest fame,
  Wise Hawthornden and Stirling's lord.†)

But time with iron teeth, I ween,
  Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or blossom to be seen,
  Its head reclining toward the ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless thorn,
  Which must, alas! no longer stand,
Behold the cruel Dean in scorn
  Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the blow,
  Astonish'd, gave a dreadful shriek;
And mother Tellus trembled so,
  She scarce recover'd in a week.

* Sir Archibald Acheson, secretary of state for Scotland. F.
† Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander Earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry. F.

The Sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
  In prudence and compassion, sent
(For none could tell whose turn was next)
  Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpie, lighting on the stock,
  Stood chattering with incessant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock,
  To rouze and warn the nymph within.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
  The ruin of her ancient seat;
And fled in haste, with all her brood,
  To seek a more secure retreat.

Last trolled forth the gentle swine,
  To ease her itch against the stump,
And dismally was heard to whine,
  All as she scrubb'd her meazly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
  (If all be true that poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme decree,
  Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
  The thorn committed to her care,
Receiv'd its last and deadly wound,
  She fled, and vanish'd into air.

But from the root a dismal groan
  First issuing struck the murderer's ears;
And, in a shrill revengeful tone,
  This prophecy he trembling hears;

"Thou chief contriver of my fall,
Relentless Dean, to mischief born;
My kindred oft thine hide shall gall,
Thy gown and cassock oft be torn.

And thy confederate dame, who brags
That she condemn'd me to the fire,
Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
And wound her legs with every brier.

Nor thou, Lord Arthur,* shalt escape;
To thee I often call'd in vain,
Against that assassin in crape;
Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain;

Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy spouse;
Since you could see me treated so
(An old retainer to your house:)

May that fell Dean, by whose command
Was form'd this Machiavelian plot,
Not leave a thistle on thy land;
Then who will own thee for a Scot?

Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
Through all my empire I foresee,
To tear thy hedges, join in leagues,
Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
To hack my hallow'd timber down;

* Sir Arthur Acheson. F.

When thou, suspended high in air,
Diest on a more ignoble tree,
(For thou shall steal thy landlord's mare,)
Then, bloody caitif! think on me."

EPITAPH,

IN BERKELEY CHURCHYARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

HERE lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;
His folly serv'd to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.

Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry?
Dickies enough are still behind,
To laugh at by and by.

Buried June 18, 1728, aged 63.

MY LADY'S* LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN.

JULY 23, 1728.

SURE never did man see
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teas'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.

To punish my sins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe;

* Lady Acheson. F.

His malice is plain,
Hallooing the dean.
The Dean never stops,
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite overrun
With rebus and pun.
Before he came here,
To spunge for good cheer,
I sate with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or scratching my nose,
And jogging my toes;
But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he sees
Held up by my knees,
My arms like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And just as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I sink in the spleen,
A useless machine.
If he had his will,
I should never sit still:
He comes with his whims,
I must move my limbs;
I cannot be sweet
Without using my feet;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worst of all squires
Through bogs and thro' briers,
Where a cow would be startled,
I'm in spite of my heart led;
And, say what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter'd
My spirits quite shatter'd,
I return home at night,
And fast, out of spite:
For I'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er should be said,
I was better for him,
In stomach or limb.
But now to my diet;
No eating in quiet,
He's still finding fault,
Too sour or too salt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick;
But trash without measure
I swallow with pleasure.
Next for his diversion,
He rails at my person:
What court breeding his is:

He takes me to pieces:
From shoulder to flank
I'm lean and am lank;
My nose long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not stay,
But meets it half way;
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked sticks:
He swears my el—bows
Are two iron crows,
Or sharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks;
To 'scape them, Sir Ar-
thur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his sides they would
gore
Like the tusk of a boar.
Now, changing the
scene,
But still to the Dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he sees her but once,
He'll swear she's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Through each line of her
face
Her folly can trace;
Which spoils every fea-
ture
Bestow'd her by nature;
But sense gives a grace
To the homeliest face:
Wise books and reflecti
Will mend the compl
ion:
(A civil divine!
I suppose, meaning min
No lady who wants the
Can ever be handsome.
I guess well enough
What he means by t
stuff:
He haws and he hums,
At last out it comes:
What, madam? No wr
ing,
No reading, nor talking
You're now in your pri
Make use of your time
Consider, before
You come to threescore
How the hussies will fl
Where'er you appear;
"That silly old puss
Would fain be like us:
What a figure she mad
In her tarnish'd brocad
And then he gr
mild:
Come be a good child:
If you are inclin'd
To polish your mind,
Be ador'd by the men
Till threescore and ten.

kill with the spleen
ades of sixteen;
ow you the way:
six hours a day.
wits will frequent ye,
think you but twenty.
us was I drawn in;
ve me my sin.
eakfast he'll ask
count of my task.
word out of joint,
iss but a point,
ges and frets,
nanners forgets;
as I am serious,
ry imperious.
ook for delight
come in my sight;
instead of new plays,
[illegible]'s Essays,
pore every day on
nasty Pantheon.
e not a drudge,
ll the world judge.
re better be blind,
thus be confin'd.
t, while in an ill tone,
der poor Milton,
Dean, you will swear,
study or prayer.
all the day saunter-
ing,
labourers banter-
ng,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
Whom he brings in among us
And bribes with mundungus;
Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man;
Who makes the best figure,
The Dean or the digger;
And which is the best
At cracking a jest.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks;
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boasts of his feats,
His grottoes and seats;
Shows all his gewgaws,
And gapes for applause;
A fine occupation
For one in his station!
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.
But, O! how we laugh,
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green seat;
Or run helter-skelter
To his arbour for shelter,

Where all goes to ruin
The dean has been doing:
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns, to make fires;
But yet are so kind
To leave something behind:
No more need be said on't,
I smell when I tread on't.
Dear friend, doctor Jinny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since Fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I am, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No 'squire to be found
The neighbourhood round;
(For, under the rose,
I would rather choose those)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity,
To ease a poor lady,
And beg her a play day.
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen!
May Walmsley give wine
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may your three spouses
Let you lie [illegible] houses!

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and a swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who went to weed the court of Gosford knight;*
While each with stubbed knife remov'd the roots,
That rais'd between the stones their daily shoots;
As at their work they sate in counterview,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.

* Sir Arthur Acheson. F.

Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly-flowing strain
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than strongest weeds that grow these stones betwixt:
My spud these nettles from the stones can part;
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faster grows,
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again; but O!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg shall rake:
(I spare the thistles for Sir Arthur's* sake)
Sharp are the stones; take thou this rushy mat;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, stand gaping wide;
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside;
Nor need I blush; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug:
A longer ha'p'orth† never did I see;
This, dearest Sheelah, thou shalt share with me.

* Who was a great lover of Scotland. F.
† Halfpennyworth. F.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry door this morn I slipt,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt:
Dennis* was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT.

When you saw Tady at long bullets play,
You sate and lous'd him all a sunshine day:
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,
Or crack such lice as his between your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Oonah stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty bitch:
Dermot, how could you touch these nasty sluts?
I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If Oonah once I kiss'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side:
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thousand lice, and every louse was gold;
Him on my lap you never more shall see;
Or may I lose my weeding knife—and thee!

DERMOT.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
A pair of brogues† to bear thee dry to mass!

* Sir Arthur's butler. F. † Shoes with flat low heels. F.

But see, where Norah with the sowins* comes—
Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

ON THE

FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S-HOLE,

WITH THE DOCTOR‡ AT THEIR HEAD.

N. B. THE LADIES TREATED THE DOCTOR.

SENT AS FROM AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY. 1728.

FAIR ladies, number five,
  Who, in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
  To feast on ale and steaks;

While he sits by a grinning,
  To see you safe in Sot's hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
  And neither mugs nor pots whole;

Alas! I never thought,
  A priest would please your palate;
Besides, I'll hold a groat,
  He'll put you in a ballad;

Where I shall see your faces
  On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like Graces,
  Than Venus like an owl.

* A sort of flummery. F.
† An alehouse in Dublin famous for beef-steaks. F.
‡ Dr. Thomas Sheridan. F.

And we shall take you rather
  To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
  With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with wo,
  To think, such ladies fine
Should be reduc'd so low,
  To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parson cheated!
  Had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
  By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows,
  While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Instead of powder'd beaux,
  From pulpits choose gallants.

If we, who wear our wigs
  With fantail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
  Z—ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
  I'd knock the doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
  Egad! I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch;*
  And at the Rose on Sunday,
The parson safe at church,
  I'll treat you with burgundy.

* Dr. Sheridan was a schoolmaster. F.

THE FIVE LADIES ANSWER TO THE BEAU.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD.

You little scribbling beau,
  What demon made you write?
Because to write you know
  As much as you can fight.

For compliment so scurvy,
  I wish we had you here;
We'd turn you topsyturvy
  Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
  The man and place we chose;
We're sure a single parson
  Is worth a hundred beaux.

And you would make us vassals,
  Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To silver clocks and tassels;
  You would, you Thing of Things!

Because around your cane
  A ring of diamonds is set;
And you, in some by lane,
  Have gain'd a paltry grisette

Shall we, of sense refin'd,
  Your trifling nonsense bear,

As noisy as the wind,
  As empty as the air?

We hate your empty prattle;
  And vow and swear 'tis true,
There's more in one child's rattle,
  Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY

TO THE FIVE LADIES ANSWER.

Why, how now dapper black,
  I smell your gown and cassock,
As strong upon your back,
  As Tisdal* smells of a sock.

To write such scurvy stuff!
  Fine ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
  And eke your cloven foot.

Fine ladies, when they write,
  Nor scold, nor keep a splutter:
Their verses give delight,
  As soft and sweet as butter.

But Satan never saw
  Such haggard lines as these:
They stick athwart my maw,
  As bad as Suffolk cheese.

* A clergyman in the North of Ireland who had made prop[illegible] *of marriage to* Stella. F.

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF QUALITY. 1728.

Sir, 'twas a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal—
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a womanhater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs! remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, &c.

[*Here several verses are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The journal of a modern dame,
Is, by my promise, what you claim,

My word is past, I must submit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall show you in the sequel)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors say not quite so soon)
Because, though sore against her will,
She sat all night up at quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks, if it be time to rise;
Of headach and the spleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her nightgown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron water.
Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray
Don't I look frightfully to-day?
But was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a card!
Four matadores, and lose codille!
Depend upon't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to night by six."
"Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
He says, his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn?"—"First, show him up.

"Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for interest *cent per cent.*
And, madam, there's my lady Spade
Has sent this letter by her maid:
Well, I remember what she won;
And has she sent so soon to dun?
Here, carry down these ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals:
I thank my stars, they all are light;
And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme;
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
"She slipt spadillo in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest:
There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign."
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with silk and lace:
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that;
"Observe this pattern; there's a stuff;
I can have customers enough:
Dear madam, you are grown so hard—
This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan."
This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, "Madam, dinner stays."

She answers, in her usual style,
"The cook must keep it back a while:
I never can have time to dress,
No woman breathing takes up less;
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone,
My dear; for sure, if I had known
This company would come to-day—
But really 'tis my spouse's way!
He's so unkind, he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends:
I wish ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit!
But let me now a while survey
Our madam o'er her evening tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty with blushing face;
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air;

Rude laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst;
And Vanity with pocket glass,
And Impudence with front of brass,
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
A hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
A hundred thousand were too few?
Or how should I, alas! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their inuendoes, hints, and slanders,
Their meaning lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general scandal charge;
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I;
I must conceal my author's name:
But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes:
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, sneering, says,
That Florimel wears iron stays:

Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women should be such coquets:
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence:
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies:
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lapdog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin;
Not schoolboys at a barring out
Rais'd ever such incessant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election ale.
Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down:
Or, by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.

But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysterick fits:
"And was not Tom this morning sent?
I'd lay my life he never went:
Past six, and not a living soul!
I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen?
How shall we pass the time between
"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
And feel my pulse, I know it stops:
This head of mine, lord, how it swims!
And such a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap"—
But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go, run, and light the ladies up;
It must be one before we sup."
The table, cards, and counters, set,
And all the gamester ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can sit-up all night;
"Whoever comes, I'm not within,"—
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.
How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;

With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
In hope to see spadillo rise;
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and sees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays;
Your fan a moment, if you please.
Stand farther, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on."
"Lord! madam, you have lost codille:
I never saw you play so ill."
"Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
'Twas you that threw the game away:
When lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a matadore;
I saw you touch your wedding ring
Before my lady call'd a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you mean to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts;
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
"That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs;
And makes her partner understand
A matadore is in her hand."
"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce."

"And truly, madam, I know when
Instead of five, you scor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark:
A child may know it in the dark:
I guess'd the hand; it seldom fails:
I wish some folks would pair their nails."
While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form:
But, conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.
The time too precious now to waste,
The supper gobbled up in haste;
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
But I shall not again repeat,
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
"A frosty morn—past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
"Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But, first, the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears,
(Who now again quadrille forswears)
With empty purse, and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY. 1728.

M. I own, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But prithee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to Hell the jacobites?
When, if you search the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the priests and friars—
T. 'Twixt you and me, G—d d—n the liars!
M. The tories are gone every man over
To our illustrious house in Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—
T. G—d d—n the liars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aside.*
T. Did not an able statesman bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish up
As popish craft? did he not rail on't?
Show fire and faggot in the tail on't?
Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the pretender;
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?
M. These wrangling jars of whig and tory,
Are stale and worn as Troy-town story:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.

Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like Martin Marrall,* gaping on,
Not minding when the song is done.
When all the bees are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under,
Have dropt their arms, and seiz'd the plunder;
And when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian
Thersites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
With plots, and jacobites, and treason,
Thy busy, never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd up front, thy state grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink)
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side, so d—n'd a nuisance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the Devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you're too severe:

* A character in one of Dryden's comedies. H.

If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours; but, d—n my blood!
I must pursue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious:*
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me the statue round.
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The tories terror, scourge, and flail.
M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The tories! you are their delight;
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taste I know,
And often see a puppetshow:
Observe, the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the scene;
But, when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws,
How Solomon decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which pretender;
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
Should Faustus, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the stage, they never mind him:

* King William III. *H.*

If Punch, to stir their fancy, shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again:
O what a pleasure mix'd with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the stage:
And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap:
The duke of Lorraine drew his sword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And sells the king of Spain a bargain;
St. George himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the dragon;
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
In every action thrusts his nose;
The reason why, no mortal knows:
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him, if they could;
While, teasing all, by all he's teas'd,
How well are the spectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.
Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet-shows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:

So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To tease, perplex, disturb, confound;
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
To interrupt all serious matter;
Are grown the nuisance of your clan,
Who hate and scorn you to a man:
But then the lookers on, the tories,
You still divert with merry stories;
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.
  But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this toil what hast thou got?
If tories must have all the sport,
I fear you'll be disgrac'd at court:
  T. Got? D—n my blood! I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer—
Got? D—n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the tories Jacks,
And sons of whores—behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think,
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal,

And fret the tories' soul to death,
I did but lose my precious breath;
And, when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game;
Consume my vitals! they shall know,
I am not to be treated so;
I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.
  But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There's nimble Tim a passing by!"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party hatred?
Will none the tory dogs pursue,
When through the streets I cry halloo?
Must all my d—n mes! bloods and wounds!
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And, when I roar, "A plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualifi'd to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a spy?
  Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you see the case is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town!
Or, bless'd with such engaging parts
To win the truant schoolboys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the sable guard:
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snow-ball destin'd at thy chops:

Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:
Your parts are good, 'tis not deni'd;
I wish they had been well appli'd.
But now observe my counsel, (*viz.*)
Adapt your habit to your phyz;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says, *optat ephippia;*
(There's Latin too, that you may see
How much improv'd by Dr. ———)
I have a coat at home, that you may try;
'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry.
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair;
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal, and so curl'd;
'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of toupee and snake.
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know;
When first in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, you keep the rear:
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Use all the talents of your mind;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my address, and learn my style,
When to look scornful, when to smile;
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.

Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some friends of mine;
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious steams to purge the air:
Some teach us in these dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age;
Some for the public service go
Perpetual envoys to and fro;
Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our bonnyclabber;
Nor are we studious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is to improve the mind
With what concerns all human kind;
The various scenes of mortal life;
Who beats her husband, who his wife:
Or how the bully at a stroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal:
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold;

One shows how bravely Audouin di'd,
And at the gallows all deni'd;
How by the almanac 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time so long misspent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was design'd,
Till politics debas'd my mind:
I give myself entire to you:
O—d d—n the whigs and tories too!

TIM* AND THE FABLES.

My meaning will be best unravell'd,
When I premise that Tim has travell'd.
In Lucas's by chance here lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The monkey who had seen the world:
(For Tonson had, to help the sale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)
The monkey was completely drest,
The beau in all his airs exprest.
Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish'd every feature in't,

* See an account of Tim in "The Intelligencer," No. X. F.

The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Just as they look'd in the original.
" By —," says Tim, and let a f—t,
This graver understood his art.
'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't;
I well remember when I sat for't.
My very face, at first I knew it;
Just in this dress the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Would read what underneath was written.
The merry tale, with moral grave,
He now began to storm and rave:
" The cursed villian! now I see
This was a libel meant at me:
These scribblers grow so bold of late
Against us ministers of state!
Such jacobites as he deserve—
D—n me! I say, they ought to starve."

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

Tom and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his name,
But Dick had seen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the best at farting.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
  But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
  But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
  But Tom was best at borees:
Tom would pray for every whig,
  And Dick curse all the tories.

Dick would make a woful noise,
  And scold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the black-guard boys,
  And held them in subjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
  Dick nimbly skipt the gutter;
Tom could talk with solemn face,
  But Dick could better sputter.

Dick was come to high renown
  Since he commenc'd physician;
Tom was held by all the town
  The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler swing,
  His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to swing
  His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
  And Tom for deep discerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
  But Tom had better learning

Dick with zealous noes and ayes
  Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the house 'tis all he says;
  But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK, A MAGGOT.

As when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout:
So when the grandson of his grandsire
Forth issuing wriggling, Dick Drawcansir,
With powder'd rump and back and side,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipsy visage to conceal:
For, as he shakes his wainscot chops,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phyz in show,
Like a fresh t—d just dropt on snow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.

IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

Foulest brute that stinks below,
  Why in this brown dost thou appear?
For would'st thou make a fouler show,
  Thou must go naked all the year.
Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow
Would then be not so brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun,
His hide emits a foulness out;
Not one jot better looks the sun
Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t—ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condensed filth in every part,
Thy body's clothed like thy soul;
Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
As shrivell'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou would'st be pelted worse than they're.

Yet, when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but just,
That thou should'st take an honest trade,
And weekly carry out the dust.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick cries, "Dust to carry out?"

DICK'S VARIETY.

Dull uniformity in fools,
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules.
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C——,
Who every day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise
Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I listen to the noise
Of idiots roaring to the boys;
To better judgment still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in;
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
Can please at most but once or twice.
But then consider Dick, you'll find
His genius of superior kind:
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scours the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture every where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare,
He'd have them try'd at the assizes
For priests and jesuits in disguises;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And listing troops for the pretender.
But Dick can f—t, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the speaker by the ears,
Next moment in the house of peers;
Now scolding at my lady Eustace,
Or thrashing Baby in her new stays.

Presto! be gone! with t'other hop
He's powdering in a barber's shop;
Now at the antichamber thrusting
His nose to get the circle just in,
And d—ns his blood, that in the rear
He sees one single tory there:
Then, wo be to my lord lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't:

EPITAPH,

ON GENERAL GORGES,* AND LADY MEATH.†

UNDER this stone lies Dick and Dolly.
Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear:
But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a year;
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms cross'd;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he lost:
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd and he cried:
To live without both full three days he tried;
But liked neither loss, and so quietly died.

* Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath. F.

† Dorothy, dowager of Edward, Earl of Meath. She was married to the general in 1716: and died April 10, 1728. Her husband survived her but two days. F.

ick left a pattern few will copy after;
hen, reader, pray shed some tears of salt water;
or so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

eath smiles for the jointure, though gotten so late;
he son laughs, that got the hard gotten estate:
nd Cuffe* grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

ere quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
oth solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
nd here rest——*sic transit gloria mundi!*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

My latest tribute here I send,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I consign you down to fame
A character to praise or blame:
And if the whole may pass for true,
Contented rest, you have your due.
Give future time the satisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF.

ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

SAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass,
hat you, who know music no more than an ass;
hat you, who so lately were writing of Drapiers,
ould lend your cathedral to players and scrapers?

* John Cuffe, of Desart, Esq. married the general's eldest daughter. F.

To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true protestant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and singing,
Will sure the pretender and popery bring in.
No protestant prelate, his lordship or grace,
Durst there show his right or most reverend face:
How would it pollute their crosiers and rochets!
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets.

[*The rest is wanting.*]

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD

ON BALLYSPELLIN. 1728.

All you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at Ballyspellin.

Though pox or itch your skins enric
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you've been
A month at Ballyspellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it glows
When she's at Ballyspellin.

The sooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux
By dint of Ballyspellin.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
  As Rose, or bright Dunkelling:
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
  Were he at Ballyspellin.

We men submit as they think fit,
  And here is no rebelling:
The reason's plain; the ladies reign,
  They're queens at Ballyspellin.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
  They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
  Their power at Ballyspellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
  I know, because I fell in
A stream, which came from one bright dame
  Who drank at Ballyspellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
  To bring their Anne or Nell in,
With so much grace, I'm sure no place
  Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politics, no subtle tricks,
  No man his country selling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
  Of these at Ballyspellin.

The troubled mind, the puft with wind,
  Do all come here pellmell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
  By drinking Ballyspellin.

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
  From chin to toe though swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
  A cure at Ballyspellin.

Death throws no darts through all the parts,
  No sextons here are knelling:
Come, judge and try, you'll never die,
  But live at Ballyspellin.

Except you feel darts tipt with steel,
  Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
  We die at Ballyspellin.

Good cheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
  Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
  Each day at Ballyspellin.

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
  No noisy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Cælia's sake,
  All night at Ballyspellin.

There all you see, both he and she,
  No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
  Who drink at Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
  Unless I should bring Hell in;
But, since I'm here to Heaven so near,
  I can't at Ballyspellin!

ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT

Dare you dispute, you saucy brute,
  And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
  You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you flounce, I here pronounce,
  Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and sours the blood
  When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
  You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse than they went,
  From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewllyn why? As well may I
  Name honest doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
  To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
  When you went colonelling;
By dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues
  You met at Ballyspellin.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
  Who sowins make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
  Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah stript,
  To wash herself our well in;
A bum so white ne'er came in sight
  At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear;
  Of Holland not an ell in,
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
  Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
  All other nymphs expelling;
Because he gets a few grisettes
  At lousy Ballyspellin.

There's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
  Just o'er against the Bell inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
  Round all your Ballyspellin!

We have a girl deserves an earl;
  She came from Enniskellin:
So fair, so young, no such among
  The belles of Ballyspellin.

How would you stare, to see her there
  The foggy mists dispelling,
That cloud the brows of every blowse
  Who lives at Ballyspellin!

Now, as I live, I would not give
  A stiver or a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
  That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
  Deserves a good cudgelling:
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts
  At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
  Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write,
  To force in Ballyspellin.

PARODY

ON A CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY.

WRITTEN IN LATIN BY HIMSELF.*

THE very reverend dean Smedley,
Of dullness, pride, conceit, a medley,

* INSCRIPTION,

BY DEAN SMEDLEY. 1729.

Reverendus Decanus, JONATHAN SMEDLEY,
Theologia instructus, in Poesi exercitatus,
Politioribus excultus literis;
Parce pius, impius minime;
Veritatis Indagator, Libertatis Assertor;
Subsannatus multis, fastiditus quibusdam,
Exoptatus plurimis, omnibus amicus,
Auctor hujus sententiæ, PATRES SUNT VETULÆ.
Per laudem et vituperium, per famam atquæ infamiam;
Utramque fortunam, variosque expertus casus,
Mente sana, sano corpore, volens, lætusque,
Lustris plus quam XI numeratis,
Ad rem familiarem restaurandam augendamque,

Was equally allow'd to shine
As poet, scholar, and divine;
With godliness could well dispense,
Would be a rake, but wanted sense;
Would strictly after Truth inquire,
Because he dreaded to come nigh her.
For Liberty no champion bolder,
He hated bailiffs at his shoulder.
To half the world a standing jest,
A perfect nuisance to the rest;
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the best wishes they could give him.
To all mankind a constant friend,
Provided they had cash to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a laconic sentence,
By cutting of his phrase, and trimming,
To prove that bishops were old women.
Poor Envy durst not show her phiz,
She was so terrified at his.
He waded, without any shame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every sharping trick for bread,
And after all he seldom sped.
When Fortune favour'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the dice:
But, if she turn'd against his play,
He knew to stop *à quatre trois.*

Et ad Evangelium Indos inter Orientales prædicandum,
Grevæ, idibus Februarii, navem ascendens,
Arcemque *Sancti* petens *Georgii*, vernale per æquinoxium,
Anno Æræ Christianæ MDCCXXVIII,
Transfretavit,
Fata vocant—revocentque precamur.

Now sound in mind, and sound in *corpus*,
(Says he) though swell'd like any porpoise,
He hies from hence at forty-four,
(But by his leave he sinks a score)
To the East Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchase an estate:
Where, after he has fill'd his chest,
He'll mount his tub, and preach his best,
And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and theirs the next,
Lest that the reader should not know
The bank where last he set his toe,
'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ship,
And gave his creditors the slip,
But lest chronology should vary,
Upon the ides of February,
In seventeen hundred eight and twenty,
To Fort St. George a peddlar went he.
Ye Fates, when all he gets is spent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

PAULUS; AN EPIGRAM.

BY MR. LINDSAY.*

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

"A SLAVE to crowds, scorch'd with the summer's heats,
"In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats;

* A polite and elegant scholar; at that time an eminent pleader t the bar in Dublin, and afterward advanced to be one of the justi ces of the common pleas. H.

"While smiling Nature, in her best attire,
"Regales each sense, and vernal joys inspire.
"Can he, who knows that real good should please,
"Barter for gold his liberty and ease?"—
Thus Paulus preach'd:—When, entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the cause,
Forgets the sun, and dozes on the laws.

THE ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

LINDSAY mistakes the matter quite,
And honest Paulus judges right.
Then why these quarrels to the sun,
Without whose aid you're all undone?
Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat?
Did Paulus e'er the sun forget;
The influence of whose golden beams
Soon licks up all unsavoury steams?
The sun, you say, his face has kiss'd:
It has; but then it greas'd his fist.
True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his superficial powers
Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;
Not for inspiring poets' brains
With pennyless and starveling strains;
Not for his boasted healing art;
Not for his skill to shoot the dart;
Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:

But for a more substantial cause—
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever must adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phœbus, an incestuous birth,
Begot upon his grandam Earth;
By Phœbus first produc'd to light:
By Vulcan form'd so round and bright:
Then offer'd at the shrine of Justice,
By clients to her priests and trustees.
Nor, when we see Astræa stand
With even balance in her hand,
Must we suppose she has in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her scales you see her only hold,
To weigh her priests' the lawyers' gold.
  Now, should I own your case was grievous,
Poor sweaty Paulus, who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At least, that such complaints are wise:
'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, since the truth must needs be stretched,
To prove that lawyers are so wretched;
This paradox I'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindsay's sake;
By topics, which, though I abomine 'em,
May serve as argument *ad hominem:*
Yet I disdain to offer those
Made use of by detracting foes,
  I own, the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:
The clamours of ten thousand tongues
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs:

I own, his conscience always free,
(Provided he has got his fee)
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no sin.
  Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always overwitted.
And though the Gospel seems to say,
What heavy burdens lawyers lay
Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to their labour,
Always for saving their own bacon;
No doubt, the text is here mistaken:
The copy's false, the sense is rack'd:
To prove it, I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonstration show
What burdens lawyers undergo.
  With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And cropsick with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine;
Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag:
Then, from the bar, harangues the bench,
In English vile, and viler French,
And Latin, vilest of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee!
Of paper how is he profuse,
With periods long, in terms abstruse?
What pains he takes to be prolix!
A thousand lines to stand for six!
Of common sense without a word in!
And is not this a grievous burden?
  The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge:

And, what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse;
While he, at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended, leaves the town,
Trots to his country mansion down;
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despises rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.
  Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on,
To state this question *pro* and *con*.
My satire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.
I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps, be found one honest man;
Yet link them close; in this they jump,
To be but rascals in the lump.
Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And, in his client's just defence,
Must deviate oft from common sense;
And make his ignorance discerned,
To get the name of council learned
(As *lucus* comes *a non lucendo*,)
And wisely do as other men do:
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit;
You'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.

'Tis hard, where dulness overrules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.
And we admire the man, who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue, at discretion,
To villains of his own profession.
Lindsay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly save your stake;
And will you venture both anew,
To sit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legislators,
Abandon'd, stupid, slavish praters!
For, as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool who scrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You must expect the like disgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully stain'd;
Disclaim for ever all pretence
To common honesty and sense;
And join in friendship with a strict tye,
To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe.

A DIALOGUE, BETWEEN AN EMINENT LAWYER,* AND DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. S. P. D. IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. I.

"Sunt quibus in Satirâ," &c.

WRITTEN BY MR. LINDSAY, IN 1729.

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are persons who complain
There's too much satire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not sparing even men of letters:
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
What's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expose
Either in verse or humorous prose;
And to avoid all future ill,
In my scrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleas'd to condescend
To ask the judgment of a friend,
Your case consider'd, I must think
You should withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Christian folks;
Or, if the Muses must inspire
Your fancy with their pleasing fire,

* Mr. Lindsay. F.

Take subjects safer for your wit
Than those on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing sect;
Assert that Hyde, in writing story,
Shows all the malice of a tory;
While Burnet, in his deathless page,
Discovers freedom without rage.
To Woolston recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chains which fetter freeborn minds
Redeems us from the slavish fears
Which lasted near two thousand years;
He can alone the priesthood humble,
Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Must I commend against my conscience
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense?
To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of Wisdom Fate,
Lament upon their hapless fall,
That Force free Virtue should inthrall?
Or shall the charms of Wealth and Power
Make me pollute the Muses' bower?

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my desk the words that follow:

"Some, by philosophers misled,
Must honour you alive and dead;
And such as know what Greece has writ,
Must taste your irony and wit;
While most that are, or would be great,
Must dread your pen, your person hate;
And you on Drapier's hill must lie,
And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM. 1729.

An ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice, which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupifying draughts:
I found my head began to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb.
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in snow, it dy'd in flame.

ON PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE INTELLIGENCER.* 1729.

As a thorn bush, or oaken bough,
Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,
Above the door, on country fair,
Betokens entertainment there;
So bays on poets' brows have been
Set for a sign of wit within.
And, as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an alehouse bush for spite;
The laurel so, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which tears
Those sacred leaves that lightning spares.
And now t' exemplify this moral:
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel,
(Which, measur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd,
A trophy, on his temple-side)
Paddy repin'd to see him wear
This badge of honour in his hair;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muse by Smedley's model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,

* Dr. Sheridan was publisher of the "Intelligencer," a weekly paper, written principally by himself; but Dr. Swift occasionally supplied him with a letter. Dr. Delany, piqued at the approbation those papers received, attacked them violently both in conversation and in print; but unfortunately stumbled on some of the numbers which the Dean had written, and all the world admired; which gave rise to these verses. H.

Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
Hums like a hornet at his nose.
At length presumes to vent his satire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The eagle in the tale ye know,
Teas'd by a buzzing wasp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to rest
Securely in the thunderer's breast:
In vain; even there, to spoil his nod,
The spiteful insect stung the god.

AN EPISTLE TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY, 1729.

"Credis ob hoc, me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
Propter quod, vulgus, crassaque turba rogat."
MART. Epig. lib. ix.

ou wise and learned ruler of our isle,
hose guardian care can all her griefs beguile;
hen next your generous soul shall condescend
' instruct or entertain your humble friend;
hether, retiring from your weighty charge,
n some high theme you learnedly enlarge;
f all the ways of wisdom reason well,
ow Richlieu rose, and how Sejanus fell:
r, when your brow less thoughtfully unbends,
ircled with Swift and some delighted friends;
hen, mixing mirth and wisdom with your wine,
ike that your wit shall flow, your genius shine;
or with less praise the conversation guide,
han in the public councils you decide:

Or when the Dean, long privileg'd to rail,
Asserts his friend with more impetuous zeal;
You hear (whilst I sit by abash'd and mute)
With soft concessions shortening the dispute;
Then close with kind inquiries of my state,
"How are your tithes, and have they rose of late?
Why, Christ Church is a pretty situation,
There are not many better in the nation!
This, with your other things, must yield you clear
Some six—at least five hundred pounds a year."
Suppose, at such a time, I took the freedom
To speak these truths as plainly as you read 'em;
You shall rejoin, my lord, when I've replied,
And, if you please, my lady shall decide:
"My Lord, I'm satisfied you meant me well:
And that I'm thankful, all the world can tell:
But you'll forgive me, if I own th' event
Is short, is very short, of your intent;
At least, I feel some ills unfelt before,
My income less, and my expenses more."
"How, doctor! double vicar! double rector!
A dignitary! with a city lecture!
What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what fines—
what rent!
Why, Doctor!—will you never be content?"
"Would my good Lord but cast up the account,
And see to what my revenues amount;
My titles ample; but my gain so small,
That one good vicarage is worth them all:
And very wretched sure is he, that's double
In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
Add to this crying grievance, if you please,
My horses founder'd on Fermanah ways;
Ways of well-polish'd and well-pointed stone,
Where every step endangers every bone;

And, more to raise your pity and your wonder,
Two churches—twelve Hibernian miles asunder!
With complicated cures, I labour hard in,
Beside whole summers absent from my garden!—
But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
I'd change with Charley Grattan for his school—*
What fine cascades, what vistoes, might I make,
Fix'd in the centre of th' Iernian lake!
There might I sail delighted, smooth and safe,
Beneath the conduct of my good Sir Ralph:†
There's not a better steerer in the realm;
I hope, my Lord, you'll call him to the helm."—
"Doctor—a glorious scheme to ease your grief!
When cures are cross, a school's a sure relief.
You cannot fail of being happy there,
The lake will be the Lethè of your care:
The scheme is for your honour and your ease;
And, Doctor, I'll promote it when you please.
Meanwhile, allowing things below your merit,
Yet, Doctor, you've a philosophic spirit;
Your wants are few, and, like your income, small,
And you've enough to gratify them all:
You've trees, and fruits, and roots, enough in store:
And what would a philosopher have more?
You cannot wish for coaches, kitchens, cooks—"
"My Lord, I've not enough to buy me books—
Or pray, suppose my wants were all supplied,
Are there no wants I should regard beside?
Whose breast is so unmann'd, as not to grieve,
Compass'd with miseries he can't relieve?
Who can be happy—who should wish to live,
And want the godlike happiness to give?

* A freeschool at Inniskillen, founded by Erasmus Smith, Esq. See Journal to Stella, March 29, 1713. N.

† Sir Ralph Gore, who had a villa in the lake of Erin. F.

That I'm a judge of this, you must allow:
I had it once—and I'm debarr'd it now.
Ask your own heart, my Lord; if this be true,
Then how unblest am I! how blest are you!"
"'Tis true—but, Doctor, let us wave all that—
Say, if you had your wish, what you'd be at."
"Excuse me, good my Lord—I won't be sounded,
Nor shall your favour by my wants be bounded.
My Lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
Nor is it fit I should prescribe to you.
Yet this might Symmachus himself avow,
(Whose rigid rules* are antiquated now—)
My Lord! I'd wish to pay the debts I owe—
I'd wish besides—to build, and to bestow."

AN EPISTLE UPON AN EPISTLE FROM A CERTAIN DOCTOR TO A CERTAIN GREAT LORD.

BEING A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR DR. DELANY.

As Jove will not attend on less,
When things of more importance press:
You can't, grave sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low Hibernian bard,
Should cool your heels a while, and wait
Unanswer'd at your patron's gate;
And would my lord vouchsafe to grant
This one, poor, humble boon I want,
Free leave to play his secretary,
As Falstaff acted old king Harry;

* Symmachus, bishop of Rome, 499, made a decree, that no man should solicit for ecclesiastical preferment, before the death of the incumbent. H.

I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print;
Folks shrug, and cry, "There's nothing in't."
And, after several readings over,
It shines most in the marble cover.
How could so fine a taste dispense
With mean degrees of wit and sense?
Nor will my lord so far beguile
The wise and learned of our isle;
To make it pass upon the nation,
By dint of his sole approbation.
The task is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the sense of all mankind:
Who think your Muse must first aspire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.
You've cause to say he meant you well:
That you are thankful, who can tell?
For still you're short (which grieves your spirit)
Of his intent; you mean, your merit.
Ah! *quanto rectius, tu adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?
Smedley, thou Jonathan of Clogher,
"When thou thy humble lay dost offer
To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
Thy thanks and verse devoid of art:
Content with what his bounty gave,
No larger income dost thou crave."
But you must have cascades, and all
Ierne's lake, for your canal,
Your vistoes, barges, and (a pox on
All pride!) our speaker for your coxon:
It's pity that he can't bestow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held Monarchs labouring at the oar;

And, as he pass'd, so swell'd the Dee,
Enrag'd, as Ern would do at thee.
How different is this from Smedley!
(His name is up, he may in bed lie)
"Who only asks some pretty cure,
In wholesome soil and ether pure;
The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers:
No gay parterre with costly green
Must in the ambient hedge be seen;
But Nature freely takes her course,
Nor fears from him ungrateful force:
No sheers to check her sprouting vigour,
Or shape the yews to antic figure."
  But you forsooth your all must squander
On that poor spot, call'd Dell-ville, yonder:
And when you've been at vast expenses
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your assets fail, and cash is wanting;
Nor farther buildings, farther planting:
No wonder, when you raise and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demolish'd to the ground;
Then built, then took up with your arbour,
And set the house to Rupert Barber.
You sprang an arch, which, in a scurvy
Humour, you tumbled topsyturvy.
You change a circle to a square,
Then to a circle as you were;
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis?*
  To Fame a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect;

Mounts, walks, on high; and in a hollow
You place the Muses and Apollo;
There shining 'midst his train, to grace
Your whimsical poetic place.
  These stories were of old design'd
As fables: but you have refin'd
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real muses, gods, and streams.
Who would not swear, when you contrive thus,
That you're Don Quixote redivivus?
  Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only Winter's rain supplies.
O! could'st thou, by some magic spell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well!
Here may it reassume its stream,
And take a greater Patrick's name!
  If your expenses rise so high;
What income can your wants supply?
Yet still your fancy you inherit
A fund of such superior merit,
That you can't fail of more provision,
All by my lady's kind decision.
For, the more livings you can fish up,
You think you'll sooner be a bishop:
That could not be my lord's intent,
Nor can it answer the event.
Most think what has been heap'd on you
To other sort of folk was due:
Rewards too great for your flim-flams,
Epistles, riddles, epigrams.
  Though now your depth must not be sounded,
The time was, when you'd have compounded
For less than Charley Grattan's school?
Five hundred pound a year's no fool!

Take this advice then from your friend,
To your ambition put an end.
Be frugal, Pat: pay what you owe,
Before you build and you bestow.
Be modest; nor address your betters
With begging, vain, familiar letters.
A passage may be found,* I've heard,
In some old Greek or Latin bard,
Which says, "Would crows in silence eat
Their offals, or their better meat,
Their generous feeders not provoking
By loud and unharmonious croaking,
They might, unhurt by Envy's claws,
Live on, and stuff to boot their maws."

A LIBEL

ON THE REVEREND DR. DELANY, AND HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET. 1729.

Deluded mortals, whom the great
Choose for companions *tête-à-tête*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And how his lordship was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke;
And how you laugh'd at every joke:
Swear he's a most facetious man;
That you and he are cup and can;
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.

* Hor. lib. i. ep. xvii.

Suppose my lord and you alone;
Hint the least interest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of business now:
Or, mention but a vacant post,
He'll turn it off with "Name your toast:"
Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.
For, as their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit, are but a kind
Of panders to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, shall you dare to ask a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace,
And disappoint the sole design,
For which he summon'd you to dine.
Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd the station
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes;
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair:
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his later scene,

Took proper principles to thrive;
And so might every dunce alive.*
  Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales.
  Thus Gay, the hare with many friends,
Twice seven long years the court attends:
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth:†
Who paid his courtship with the crowd,
As far as modest pride allow'd;
Rejects a servile usher's place,
And leaves St. James' in disgrace.
  Thus Addison, by lords carest,
Was left in foreign lands distrest;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a squire:
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To business shap'd the poet's quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the courtier's trade,
And, grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
  Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen.
A soul with every virtue fraught,
By sages, priests, or poets taught;

* This picture is unfair and overcharged; for the honour of government, Congreve had several good places conferred on him, and in the latter part of his days, enjoyed an affluent fortune; but it was when he had disclaimed authorship, and chose to be considered as a *private* gentleman, as he told Voltaire. H.

† *William*, Duke of Cumberland, son to George II. H.

Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells;
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose meanest talents is his wit:
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a rascal statesman's spittle;
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is plac'd:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising slaves that cringe for bread.
  True politicians only pay
For solid work, but not for play:
Nor ever choose to work with tools
Forg'd up in colleges and schools.
Consider how much more is due
To all their journeymen than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You show your skill in Grecian story;
But they can manage whig and tory:
You, as a critic, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious;
But they can smoke the deep designs,
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
  Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a place already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and show your wit;
To snuff the lights and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension?
He overpays in condescension.

But, reverend doctor, you we know
Could never condescend so low;
The viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend;
Nor will in you those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.
This may be true—submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a beggar's purse;
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And show us England is our master:
Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing,
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his vermin in, but scraps?
The offals of a church distrest;
A hungry vicarage at best;
Or some remote inferior post,
With forty pounds a year at most?
But here again you interpose—
Your favourite lord is none of those
Who owe their virtues to their stations,
And characters to dedications:
For, keep him in, or turn him out,
His learning none will call in doubt;
His learning, though a poet said it
Before a play, would lose no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praise it Philips writ.

I own, he hates an action base,
His virtues battling with his place;
Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the most that friendship can;
I hate the viceroy, love the man.
But you, who, till your fortune's made,
Must be a sweetener by your trade,
Should swear he never meant us ill;
We suffer sore against his will;
That, if we could but see his heart,
He would have chose a milder part:
We rather should lament his case,
Who must obey, or lose his place.
Since this reflection slipt your pen,
Insert it when you write again:
And, to illustrate it, produce
This simile for his excuse:
"So to destroy a guilty land
An *angel sent by Heaven's command,
While he obeys almighty will,
Perhaps may feel compassion still;
And wish the task had been assign'd
To spirits of less gentle kind."
But I, in politics grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a different mould,
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both kings and ministers of state;
Who look on courts with stricter eyes
To see the seeds of vice arise;

* "So when an angel by divine command," &c.
ADDISON'S Campaign.

Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Though flattering knaves may call it bitter;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would show you many a statesman's face:
Fresh from the tripod of Apollo,
I had it in the words that follow;
Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except his excellence:
"So, to effect his monarch's ends,
From Hell a viceroy devil ascends;
His budget with corruptions cramm'd,
The contributions of the damn'd;
Which with unsparing hand he strows
Through courts and senates as he goes;
And then at Beelzebub's black hall,
Complains his budget was too small."
Your simile may better shine
In verse; but there is truth in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings;
And statesmen, by ten thousand odds,
Are angels, just as kings are gods.

TO DR. DELANY,

ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

"——Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi." Juv.

As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,

When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound:
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops.
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print you see him dread
Each popgun levell'd at his head;
The lead yon critick's quill contains,
Is destin'd to beat out his brains:
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord have mercy on his soul!
Concluding, that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot.
But when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That, missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critick in the face.
  Though splendour gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows in the dark,
Yet, in yourself when smooth and round,
They glance aside without a wound.
  'Tis said, the gods try'd all their art,
How pain they might from pleasure part:
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail;
Thus fame and censure, with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd;
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd,
To pay the penalty annex'd?
'Tis eminence makes envy rise:
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers' jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.
You say, the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish senate's praises sing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the public good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots, up to shoeboys;
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
How oft am I for rhyme to seek!
To dress a thought, may toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
While every critick can devour
My work and me in half an hour.

Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unsold upon the printer's lines.
  A genius in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren cast your eyes.
Point out the surest men to rise;
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob;
Will sooner coin a thousand lies,
Than suffer men of parts to rise;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight.
For, as of old, mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academick dull ale drinkers,
Pronounce all men of wit, freethinkers.
  Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Show reason, grammar, truth, or sense?

For, though the Muse delights in fiction,
She ne'er inspires against conviction.
Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate
First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soon your conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For afterbirth a sooterkin;
Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue;
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks.
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muses' fame;
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.
Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.

Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite?
Show me the same numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yesterday:
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub-street poets' nest;
What spunging house, in dread of jail,
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to-day.
Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige them so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.
  You have been libell'd—Let us know,
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise:
And praise bestow'd in Grub-street rhymes
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTH-SONG. 1729.

To form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best:
And, should it be your hero's case,
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddesses beside.

Some call their monarchs sons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Because they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his son:
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.

Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his sire;
For Jove, as every schoolboy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose;
And sure no Christian poet breathing
Would be more scrupulous than a Heathen!
Or, if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.

Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s.
Behold his glittering faulchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow;
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milkwhite steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches:
As Overton has drawn his sire,
Still seen o'er many an alehouse fire.
Then from his arms hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard bowls;
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes:
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.
Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
To sing of wars, choose peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus has lock'd his temple door;
Though not a coffeehouse we read in
Has mention'd arms on this side Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Postmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
Thou still with battles stuff thy head full;
For, must thy hero not be dreadful?
Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he struts, and that he squints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.

Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can shine both day and night.
The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus Royal, every day,
Not only can inspire, but pay.
  Then make this new Apollo sit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
"How from his altitude he stoops
To raise up Virtue when she droops;
On Learning how his bounty flows,
And with what justice he bestows:
Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam!
Be witness if I tell a flam.
What prodigies in arts we drain,
From both your streams, in George's reign:
As from the flowery bed of Nile"—
But here's enough to show your style.
Broad innuendoes, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss:
For, when you bring your song in print,
He'll get it read, and take the hint,
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled)
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains:
For patrons never pay so well,
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.
  Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the sea; you see him ride in't;

And, if provok'd, he soundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have seiz'd the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports besiege them,
But that he would not disoblige them;
And make the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.
'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white:
And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in satyric wit.
But you some white lead ink must get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your interest lies to learn the nack
Of whitening what before was black.
Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn;
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes:
For princes' love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not;

I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero must be told,
In him such virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent;
That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false, and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
  Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your list of Gods is out,
Presume to show his mortal snout,
And as a Deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdu'd;
O, let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.—
  Of Gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.
  Now, birth-day bard, with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed,
First of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies;
The Graces, and their mistress Venus,
Must venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam:
Six thousand years has liv'd the Goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Besides, your songsters oft have shown
That she has Graces of her own:

Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
Just three, and every Grace a daughter;
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down;
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their English German cousins:
Beside a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
  Now see her seated in her throne
With genuine lustre, all her own;
Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendour is but borrow'd light;
And only with her brother linkt
Can shine, without him is extinct.
But Carolina shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though George is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;
And sees a son in every God,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.
  Now sing his little highness Freddy,
Who struts like any king already;
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede!
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.

But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little duke behind;
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants, to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput:
  A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough:
Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clinks to Caroline.
Hail, queen of Britain, queen of rhymes
Be sung ten hundred thousand times!
Too happy were the poets' crew,
If their own happiness they knew:
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove e'en Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring consonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long,
Far ever fair and young!—in song.

What though the royal carcass must,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust;
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
  Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul:
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon.
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious,
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
  To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;
And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown;
Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.
  Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
To praise your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should believe in God;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport;

For, since they talk'd with Doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That sound divine the truth has spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, Hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold, or meanings double.
  Supposing now your song is done,
To mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune:
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

BOUTS RIMES.*

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

Our schoolmaster may rave i' th' fit
  Of classic beauty *hæc et illa*,
Not all his birch inspires such wit
  As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

* Rhimes disposed in order, which are given to a poet, together with a subject, on which he is obliged to make verses, using the same words, and in the same order. The extravagance of a poet, named du Lot, gave occasion to this invention, about the year 1649. The most odd, out of the way rhimes were chosen; and every one endeavoured to fill them up as exactly as possible.—Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, No. 60, adduces them as an instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French; and observes, that this piece of false wit has been finely ridiculed by Mr. Sarasin, in "La Defaite des Bouts Rimez." W. B.

Let nobles toast, in bright champaign,
  Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
  In Berkeley's tar, or sars'parilla.

At Goodman's Fields I've much admired
  The postures strange of monsieur Brilla;
But what are they to the soft step,
  The gliding air, of Domitilla?

Virgil has eternized in song
  The flying footsteps of Camilla;
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
  He might have dream'd of Domitilla.

Great Theodose condemn'd a town
  For thinking ill of his Placilla:
And deuse take London! if some knight
  O' th' city wed not Domitilla.

Wheeler, sir George, in travels wise,
  Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But O! the empress has not eyes,
  Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
  Piled on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
  Or garter, snatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
  Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
—bus'd much my heart, and was a damn'd let
  To verse—but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
To the fair sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To th' snow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER SKELTER;

OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNIES, UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

Now the active young attornies
Briskly travel on their journies,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horses of their clients;
Like so many little Mars's
With their tilters at their a—s,
Brazen hilted, lately burnish'd,
And with harness buckles furnish'd,
And with whips and spurs so neat,
And with jockey coats complete,
And with boots so very greasy,
And with saddles eke so easy.
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day,
Bridles destin'd far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats so very big, sir,
And with powder'd caps and wigs, sir,
And with ruffles to be shown,
Cambric ruffles not their own;
And with Holland shirts so white,
Shirts becoming to the sight,
Shirts bewrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters.

With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies,
And with rings so very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—*
And with very little pence,
And as very little sense;
With some law, but little justice,
Having stolen from my hostess,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the soldier from the sutler;
From the vintner and the tailor,
Like the felon from the jailor;
Into this and t' other county,
Living on the public bounty;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage;
Thorough mountains, thorough vallies,
Thorough stinking lanes and alleys,
Some to — kiss with farmers spouses,
And make merry in their houses;
Some to tumble country wenches
On their rushy beds and benches;
And if they begin a fray,
Draw their swords, and —— run away;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot,
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to sup their porridge,
And vacation's over—then,
Hey, for London town again.

* A cant word for pawning. H.

THE PUPPETSHOW.

The life of man to represent,
  And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a puppetshow invent,
  Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
  And worship was to puppets paid;
In antic dress the idol stood,
  And priest and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
  The simple votaries to frame,
To shape in timber foolish man,
  And consecrate the block to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
  That trees might rise from human forms;
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
  And branches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
  That man's a blockhead, have confest:
Powel* and Stretch* the hint pursue;
  Life is a farce, the world a jest.

* Two famous puppetshow-men.—In the year 1715 was published, "A second Tale of a Tub; or, the History of Robert Powell, the Puppetshow-man," written by Thomas Burnet, Esq. youngest son to Bishop Burnet, who was bred to the law; and, beside the piece here mentioned, was the author of many other political pamphlets against the ministry of the four last years of Queen Anne, for some of which he was taken into custody by the messengers; and was suspected of being one of the Mohocks that attacked young Davenant. See Journal to Stella, March 8, 1711-12. N.

The same great truth South Sea has prov'd
  On that fam'd theatre, the alley;
Where thousands, by directors mov'd,
  Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
  The same a Harlequin is now;
The former was buffoon above,
  The latter as a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
  Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age,
  Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
  False pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legislators rang'd in state,
  Are oft but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
  And timber as a lord take place;
A statue may put on a frown,
  And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
  And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere spring of wires they play,
  And speak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas! a scolding wife
  Usurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life,
  Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

In short, whatever men pursue,
  Of pleasure, folly, war, or love;
This mimic race brings all to view:
  Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
  Mortals to please and to deride;
And, when death breaks thy vital band,
  Thou shalt put on a puppet's pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
  Thy image shall preserve thy fame:
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
  Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a farce in vain,
  Before he looks in nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
  Nor pedantry for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
  And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
  And shows some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
  And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
  And stand confest the greater fool.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED.

WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A BARRACK OR A MALT-HOUSE.—1729.

THUS spoke to my lady the knight* full of care,
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn,† while it sticks in my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack‡ or malthouse, we now must consider.
First, let me suppose I make it a malthouse,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us:
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year;
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sir-loin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,

* Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written. F.

† A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur's seat. F.

‡ The army in Ireland was lodged in strong buildings, called barracks, which have lately been introduced into this country likewise. H.

Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that, I would lose my estate."
Thus ended the knight: thus began his meek wife:
"It must, and it shall be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull rums.*
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah,† who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be drest,
Cry'd, "Madam, why surely my master's possest.
Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.‡
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.

* A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman. F.
† My lady's waiting woman. F.
‡ Two of Sir Arthur's managers. F.

"Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a barrack whenever you please:
And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new crochet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contriv'd
At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
Of this to be sure sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
"Now see, when they meet, how their honours behave;
'Noble captain, your servant'—'Sir Arthur, your slave;
You honour me much'—'the honour is mine.'—
''Twas a sad rainy night'—'But the morning is fine.'
'Pray how does my lady?'—'My wife's at your service.'—
'I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.'—
'Goodmorrow, good captain.'—'I'll wait on you down.'—
'You sha'nt stir a foot.'—'You'll think me a clown.'
'For all the world captain'—'Not half an inch farther.'—
'You must be obey'd!'—'Your servant, Sir Arthur!
My humble respects to my lady unknown.'—
'I hope you will use my house as your own.'

"Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
"Pray, madam be quiet; what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day, to be sure, the captain will come,
At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum.
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
The man with the kettledrum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys holla,
See now comes the captain all daub'd with gold lace:
O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;
With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
At last comes the troop, by word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the captain cries, STAND!
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen.
The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver:
(His beaver is cock'd; pray madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle.)
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it has spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin;
Pray, captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.
The captain salutes you with congée profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.

Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us,
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us,
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to day;
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year;
If I had expected so worthy a guest—'
'Lord! madam! your ladyship sure is in jest;
You banter me, madam; the kingdom must grant—'
'You officers, captain, are so complaisant!'
"Hist, hussey, I think I hear somebody coming—"
No, madam: 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story)
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The dean and the doctor* have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first:
The parsons for envy are ready to burst.
The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose,
To peep at the captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;
And, 'madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose:
But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
G—d d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
But, z—s! by their looks they never keep Lent:
Mister curate, for all your grave looks I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid:

* Doctor Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood. F.

I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band,
(For the dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
That the captain suppos'd he was curate to Jinny)
'Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
Observe how a parson comes into a room;
G—d d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom;
A *scholard*, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry boo to a goose;
Your Noveds,* and Bluturks, and Omurs, and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation:
My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me.
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life:
So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.'
"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the dean,
As who should say, 'Now, am I skinny† and lean?'
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers. F.
† Nicknames for my lady. F.

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your ladyship walk?"
Her ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down:"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cry'd, "Hussy, why sure the wench is gone mad!
How could these chimeras get into your brains?—
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains:
But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter I charge ye:
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

DRAPIER'S-HILL. 1730.

We give the world to understand,
Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land;
A purchase, which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a year;
Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound;
And, from his endless hoarded store,
To build a house, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur too shall have his will,
And call the mansion Drapier's Hill:
That, when a nation, long enslav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was sav'd;
When none the Drapier's praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing,

His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs* are rotten,
His famous letters made waste paper,
This hill may keep the name of Drapier;
In spite of envy, flourish still,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's hill.

THE DEAN'S REASONS

FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S HILL.

I WILL not build on yonder mount:
And, should you call me to account,
Consulting with myself, I find,
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
No fault of mine the scheme is ended:
Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
I have a hundred causes ready:
All risen since that flattering time,
When Drapier's hill appear'd in rhyme.
I am, as now too late I find,
The greatest cully of mankind:
The lowest boy in Martin's school
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form so wild a vision,
To seek, in deserts, Fields Elysian?
To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?

* Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs m with devices, in honour of the Dean, under the name of M. B. I pier. F.

But here my lady will object;
Your deanship ought to recollect,
That, near the knight of Gosford plac'd,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so conversable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.
'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plumbs;
Though I should see him twice a-day,
And am his neighbour cross the way;
If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?
Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friends withhold
Their gifts, as misers do their gold;
Their knowledge to themselves confin'd
Is the same avarice of mind;
Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart:
Still rapt in speculations deep,
His outward senses fast asleep;
Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.
But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To understand Malebranche or Cambray;

Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands sleeveless;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My spirits with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphysics smatter;
And more diverted with a quibble
Than dream of words intelligible;
And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the knight sublime and me,
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust?
Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
It forms a union in the mind:
But here I differ from the knight
In every point, like black and white:
For none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met:
Not in philosophy, or ale;
In state affairs, or planting cale;
In rhetoric, or picking straws;
In roasting larks, or making laws;
In public schemes, or catching flies;
In parliament's, or pudding pies.
The neighbours wonder why the knight
Should in a country life delight,
Who not one pleasure entertains
To cheer the solitary scenes:
His guests are few, his visits rare;
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;

Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, seated in an easy chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns;
Here poor Pomona sits on thorns:
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.

Those thankless and officious cares
I us'd to take in friends' affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain:
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after, pound:
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire:
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage:
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves:
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine:
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will?

Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.
  Proceed we to your preaching* next;
How nice you split the hardest text!
How your superior learning shines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera not so full pit
Is seen, as when you mount our pulpit.
  Consider now your conversation:
Regardful of your age and station,
You ne'er were known, by passion stirr'd,
To give the least offensive word:
But still, whene'er you silence break,
Watch every syllable you speak:
Your style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then, a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well become St. Patrick's Dean,
Such reverential awe express,
That cowboys know you by your dress!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With such address and graceful port,
As clearly shows you bred at court!
  Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler scene.
When to the vault you walk in state,
In quality of butler's mate;
You next to Dennis† bear the sway:
To you we often trust the key:

* The author preached but once while he was there. F.
† The butler. F.

Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart:
What pints may best for bottles pass,
Just to give every man his glass:
When proper to produce the best;
And what may serve a common guest.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to steal your master's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome brother serving men;
But that is with a good design,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine:
Your master's honour to maintain;
And get the like returns again.

Your usher's post must next be handled:
How blest am I by such a man led!
Under whose wise and careful guardship
I now despise fatigue and hardship:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though draggled round, I scorn to fret:
From you my chamber damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and darn.

Now as a jester I accost you;
Which never yet one friend has lost you.
You judge so nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to spare;
By long experience grown so wise,
Of every taste to know the size;
There's none so ignorant or weak
To take offence at what you speak:
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot, or his grace;
With Teague O'Murphey, or an earl;
A duchess, or a kitchen girl.

With such dexterity you fit
Their several talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
And Gahagan* take every joke.
  I now become your humble suitor
To let me praise you as my tutor.
Poor I, a savage bred and born,
By you instructed every morn,
Already have improv'd so well,
That I have almost learn'd to spell:
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me speak so fine.
How enviously the ladies look,
When they surprise me at my book!
And sure as they're alive at night
As soon as gone will show their spite:
Good lord! what can my lady mean,
Conversing with that rusty Dean!
She's grown so nice, and so penurious,
With Socrates and Epicurius!
How could she sit the livelong day,
Yet never ask us once to play?
  But I admire your patience most;
That when I'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
  You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily.

* The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-hill. F.

And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive:
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavory smelling,
Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
Such charming butter* never man made.
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their milk for babes of grace;
From tubs their snuffling nonsense utter;
Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.
The bishop with his foot may burn it,†
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy deanship thus employ'd
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning hours you toss and shake
The bottle till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.

* A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes. F.

† It is a common saying, when the milk burns to, that the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it. F.

Your reverence thus, with like success,
(Nor is your skill or labour less)
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will toss and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumblings round the skull,
Dilates and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst;
But, squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.

But you have rais'd your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious traveller's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks;
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offering at her shrine.
In separate cells, the hes and shes,
Here pay their vows with bended knees:
For 'tis profane when sexes mingle,
And every nymph must enter single;
And when she feels an inward motion,
Come fill'd with reverence and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush;
Here unobserv'd she boldly goes,
As who should say, to pluck a rose.

Ye, who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean;
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation,

Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb!
  Yet, when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a while.
  Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?
When Saturn rul'd the skies alone,
(That golden age to gold unknown)
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars smoking round
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd:
And here thy daily votaries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam;
Though sometimes thou wert please to wink,
If Naiad's swept them from the brink:
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flowery vale,
Were, wafted by a gentle gale,
There many a flower abstersive grew,
Thy favourite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.
  But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;

Then gluttony, with greasy paws,
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With watery chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;
Wedg'd in a spacious elbow chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priests in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragouts;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricassees;
And, for our homebred British cheer,
Botargo, catsap, and caviare.

This bloated harpy, sprung from Hell,
Confin'd thee, goddess, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
First, lolling Sloth in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale Dropsy with a sallow face,
Her belly burst, and slow her pace:
And lordly Gout, wrapt up in fur:
And wheezing Asthma, loath to stir:
Voluptuous Ease, the child of wealth,
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth.
None seek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But, in their cells and vaults obscene
Present a sacrifice unclean;
From whence unsavoury vapours rose,
Offensive to thy nicer nose.
Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?

Here nature never difference made
Between the sceptre and the spade.
  Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches side;
When from the homeliest earthen ware
Are sent up offerings more sincere,
Than where the haughty duchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar box?
  Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains,
Whose offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers' banks;
Nor seldom grace the flowery downs,
With spiral tops and copple crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
  Hither, by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft I tread:
Here, when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here, by the sacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.
  Be witness for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with design:
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injur'd offering out.
  But stop, ambitious Muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head:

With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
  Me Phœbus in a midnight dream
Accosting said, "Go shake your cream.*
Be humbly minded, know your post;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style:
Teach Dennis how to stir the guile:†
With Peggy Dixon‡ thoughtful sit,
Contriving for the pot and spit.
Take down thy proudly swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails;
At nicely carving show thy wit;
But ne'er presume to eat a bit:
Turn every way thy watchful eye,
And every guest be sure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be these thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.
  "But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek —— claims her as his right:
And Smedley, flower of all divines,
Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines."

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I. Lest it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

* In the bottle, to make butter. F.
† The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time. F.
‡ Mrs. Dixon, the housekeeper. F.

II. By disputing, I will never,
To convince you once endeavour.

III. When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV. When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.

V. When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.

VII. Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII. Never more will I suppose,
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

X. You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs;
That with me shall break no squares.

XII. Never will I give advice,
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL.
1730.

From distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddess draws
Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:
By faction banish'd, here unite,
A Dean,* a Spaniard,† and a knight;‡
Unite, but on conditions cruel;
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well,
Condemn'd to live in service hard;
On either side his honour's guard:
The Dean to guard his honour's back,
Must build a castle at Drumlack;
The Spaniard, sore against his will,
Must raise a fort at Market-hill.
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At north and south are posted sentry;

* Dr. Swift. F.
† Col. Harry Lesley, who served and lived long in Spain. F.
‡ Sir Arthur Acheson. F.

While, in his lordly castle fixt,
The knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches most resent,
To be his slaves, must pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their chief,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
O Fortune! 'tis a scandal for thee
To smile on those who are least worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His slaves have ten times more than he.
Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings;
Where are thy services and sufferings?
What if for nothing once you kiss'd,
Against the grain, a monarch's fist?
What if, among the courtly tribe,
You lost a place, and sav'd a bribe?
And then in surly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a year,
And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?
Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's mound descend,
And to the south my squadrons bend.
New river walk with friendly shade
Shall keep my host in ambuscade;

While you, from where the basin stands,
Shall scale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan she wears:
Then, lest upon our first attack
Her valiant arm should force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
I have a stratagem contriv'd.
By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes
She shall be caught as in a noose:
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She'll not have power to stir an inch:
These gaudy shoes must Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face;
The shoes put on, our faithful portress
Admits us in, to storm the fortress;
While tortur'd madam bound remains,
Like Montezume, in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts shod
Stumbling at every step she trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuse;
They place before him gloves and shoes;
Which when the brute puts aukward on,
All his agility is gone:
In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.
  But let us on our first assault
Secure the larder and the vault:

The valiant Dennis* you must fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon :†
Then, if we once can seize the key
And chest that keeps my lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion;
And, soon as we have gain'd possession,
We'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two;
Then (let me see) we'll make the knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer‡ to wear his hat:
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. Lesley;
But, lest it might not be so proper
That her own maid should overtop her,
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches lower.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our interest to get rid of her:
And, when we execute our plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
As all your politicians wise
Despatch the rogues by whom they rise.

* The butler. F.
† The housekeeper. F.
‡ The agent. F.

TRAULUS. PART I.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN.* 1730.

TOM. SAY, Robin, what can Traulus† mean
By bellowing thus against the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and jacobite, and libeller:
Yet cannot prove a single fact?
ROBIN. Forgive him, Tom: his head is crackt.
TOM. What mischief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, spawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?
ROBIN. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.
TOM. Such friendship never man profess'd,
The Dean was never so caress'd:
For Traulus long his rancour nurs'd,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?
ROBIN. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.
TOM. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And, though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,

* Sons of Rev. Charles Lesley. See the next poem. F.
† Lord Allen. F.

He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
But turns aside like mad Ulysses:
While Traulus all his odure scatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence comes these inconsistent fits?

ROBIN. Why Tom, the man has lost his wits.

TOM. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer snaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he's mad will not avail;
The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead,
Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus, when he first harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive brute.

ROBIN. Tom, you mistake the matter quite:
Your barking curs will seldom bite;
And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant,
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute;
"Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!
He only meant it for your good:
His friendship was exactly tim'd,
He shot before your foes were prim'd.
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean;
By G—! I'll bring you off as clean—"

Then let him use you e'er so rough,
" 'Twas all for love," and that's enough.
But, though he sputter through a session,
It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.

TOM. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own, his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he's possest,
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture to the Devil assign'd:
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him legion.
Of brethren he's a false accuser;
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his sire.
Or, grant him but a drone at best;
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The Dean had felt their stings before;
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still swarm and buz about his nose?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.

What spirit, since the world began,
uld always bear to strive with man?
hich God pronounc'd, he never would,
d soon convinc'd them by a flood.
t still the Dean on freedom raves;
s spirit always strives with slaves.
s time at last to spare his ink,
d let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRAULUS. PART II.

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed;
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.
View them on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering;
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wishes it were all unsaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
From the father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they butchers?
Herald, lend the Muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandsire:
This was dextrous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher, doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear his knife;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.
Lastly, let his gifts be tri'd,
Borrow'd from the mason's side:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True indeed, I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead descend!
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produc'd him, can you tell?
Human race, or imps of Hell?

ROBIN AND HARRY.* 1730.

Robin to beggars, with a curse,
Throws the last shilling in his purse;
And, when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.
Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny, and God's blessing;
But, always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.
Robin from noon to night will prate,
Run out in tongue, as in estate:
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to say.
Much talking is not Harry's vice:
He need not tell a story twice:
And, if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five and fifty.
It so fell out, that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And, with his dame, the ocean cross'd;
(All for Love, or the World well Lost!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;
And in his house, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum:
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse;
Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.

* Sons of Dr. Lealey. Harry was a colonel in the Spanish service.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If gaffer Harry would endow her;
And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a mess of broth.

Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux;
But, when espous'd, he ran the fate
That must attend the married state;
From gold brocade and shining armour,
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd;
Nor twice a week will shave his beard.

Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying those defects by dress,
Which I must leave the world to guess.

TO BETTY THE GRISETTE. 1730.

Queen of wit and beauty, Betty!
Never may the Muse forget ye:
How thy face charms every shepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, display'd,
Envy breeds in every maid;
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny speckled pippin,
Shrivel'd with a winter's keeping.
And, thy beauty thus despatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply.
And thy memory is loaded
With old scraps from plays exploded:
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all christian folks:
Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thousand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing.
Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouse upper regions;
Where, in eighteenpenny gallery,
Irish nymphs learn Irish raillery:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endued
To be scurrilous and rude;

When you pertly raise your snout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout;
This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humour passes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE:

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730.

Death went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kiss'd
His grisly monarch's sooty fist,
Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, observing since the peace
The burial article decrease,
And, vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in council, Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old batchelors about his court;
The interest of his realm had need
That Death should get a numerous breed;
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.
A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megara takes
A periwig of twisted snakes;

Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
(Like toupets of this upper world)
With flowers of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell;
An adder of the sable kind
In line direct hung down behind;
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, a usurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all.
But, loath his person to expose
Bare, like a carcass pick'd by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment case.
No new flux'd rake show'd fairer skin;
Nor Phyllis after lying in.
With snuff was fill'd his ebon box,
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops,
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful sounds,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!
Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick-lane:
The faculty, his humble friends,
A complimental message sends:
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangued, and welcom'd him to town.
But Death had business to despatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His majesty of terrors came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To visit where she sate at cards:

She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps,
She scarce remembers what is trumps;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen, except her own:
Charmed with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket glass drew slily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the swain.
Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau:
Whether some late departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts?
If Chloe were a sharper still
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books.)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft a week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied these Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades:
How pleasant on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and six!
What pride a female heart inflames!
How endless are ambition's aims!

Cease, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee:
For, when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp:
Away the frighted spectre scuds,
And leaves my lady in the suds.

DAPHNE.*

Daphne knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devis'd
Surer ways to be despis'd:
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.

* Lord Orrery, in his Remarks, has given a singular repres
of his interview with Daphne. The lady, it seems, was pro
portrait as drawn by the Dean; his lordship, in his politene
not see the least resemblance. She still persisting, that
rather be Daphne drawn by him, than Sacharissa by any
cil, Lord Orrery had no other way of *retrieving his error*
whispering in her ear, as he was conducting her down st
ner, that indeed he found "her hand as dry, as cold as le
peal to all the Daphnes in both kingdoms, whether his lord
not very safely have compounded the matter, and tol
though her hand was cold, he still believed her heart we
the fruitful earth preserves its central heat, while virgin
its surface. Something of this sort might have been expec
elegans formarum spectator. W. B.

To dispute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say:
Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows;
And, where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier:
All her spirits in a flame
When she knows she's most to blame.
Send me hence ten thousand miles,
From a face that always smiles:
None could ever act that part,
But a Fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconsistence,
To be easy, keep your distance:
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her.
Lose not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought,
That she'll own, or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong;
And reprove her when she's right;
She may then grow wise for spite.
No—that scheme will ne'er succeed;
She has better learnt her creed:
She's too cunning, and too skilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.

Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth, and one for errors:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful;
This is flattering and delightful:
That she throws away as foul;
Sits by this to dress her soul.
Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you,
Heaven forbid he should despise thee!
But will never more advise thee.

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE. BY DR. DELANY. 1730.

——————————"Quis iniquæ
"Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?" Juv.

In ancient times, as bards indite,
f clerks have conn'd the records right)
Peacock reign'd, whose glorious sway
is subjects with delight obey:
is tail was beauteous to behold,
eplete with goodly eyes and gold;
air emblem of that monarch's guise,
hose train at once is rich and wise;
nd princely rul'd he many regions,
nd statesmen wise, and valiant legions.
A Pheasant lord,* above the rest,
ith every grace and talent blest,
as sent to sway, with all his skill,
he sceptre of a neighbouring hill.†

* Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. F.
† Ireland. F.

No science was to him unknown,
For all the arts were all his own:
In all the living learned read,
Though more delighted with the dead:
For birds, if ancient tales say true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too;
Could read and write in prose and verse,
And speak like ***, and build like Pearce.*
He knew their voices, and their wings,
Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings;
Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true sublime:
Their merits he could well descry,
He had so exquisite an eye;
And when that fail'd, to show them clear,
He had as exquisite an ear.
It chanc'd, as on a day he stray'd,
Beneath an academic shade,
He lik'd, amidst a thousand throats,
The wildness of a Woodlark's† notes,
And search'd, and spy'd, and seiz'd his game;
And took him home, and made him tame;
Found him on trial true and able,
So cheer'd and fed him at his table.
Here some shrewd critic finds I'm caught,
And cries out "Better fed than taught"—
Then jests on game and tame, and reads
And jests, and so my tale proceeds.
Long had he study'd in the wood,
Conversing with the wise and good;
His soul with harmony inspir'd,
With love of truth and virtue fir'd:

* A famous modern architect, who built the parliament house Dublin. F.
† Dr. Delany. F.

His brethren's good and Maker's praise
Were all the study of his lays;
Were all his study in retreat,
And now employ'd him with the great.
His friendship was the sure resort
Of all the wretched at the court;
But chiefly merit in distress
His greatest blessing was to bless.—
This fix'd him in his patron's breast,
But fir'd with envy all the rest:
I mean that noisy craving crew,
Who round the court incessant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
To fill the maws of sons and cousins:
" Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their blood,
To every thought of common good,
Confining every hope and care
To their own low contracted sphere."
These ran him down with ceaseless cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,
Till his own worth and wit suppli'd
Sufficient matter to deride:
" 'Tis Envy's safest, surest rule,
To hide her rage in ridicule:
The vulgar eye she best beguiles,
When all her snakes are deck'd with smiles:
Sardonic smiles, by rancour rais'd!
Tormented most when seeming pleas'd!"
Their spite had more than half expir'd,
Had he not wrote what all admir'd;
What morsels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and planted!
How had his sense and learning griev'd them,
But that his charity reliev'd them!

"At highest worth dull Malice reaches;
As slugs pollute the fairest perches:
Envy defames, as harpies vile
Devour the food they first defile."
Now ask the fruit of all his favour —
"He was not hitherto a saver."—
What then could make their rage run mad?
"Why what he hop'd, not what he had.
"What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
Or racks, or rods, to punish hopes?
Th' inheritance of Hope and Fame
Is seldom Earthly Wisdom's aim;
Or, if it were, is not so small,
But there is room enough for all."
If he but chance to breathe a song,
(He seldom sang, and never long)
The noisy, rude, malignant crowd,
Where it was high, pronounc'd it loud:
Plain Truth was Pride; and what was sillier,
Easy and Friendly was Familiar.
Or, if he tun'd his lofty lays,
With solemn air to Virtue's praise,
Alike abusive and erroneous,
They call'd it hoarse and unharmonious:
Yet so it was to souls like theirs,
Tuneless as Abel to the bears!
A Rook* with harsh malignant caw
Began, was follow'd by a Daw;†
(Though some, who would be thought to know,
Are positive it was a Crow)
Jack Daw was seconded by Tit,
Tom Tit‡ could write, and so he writ;

* Dr. T——r. F. † Right hon. Rich. Tighe. F.
‡ Dr. Sheridan. F.

A tribe of tuneless praters follow,
The Jay, the Magpie, and the Swallow;
And twenty more their throats let loose,
Down to the witless waddling Goose.
Some peck'd at him, some flew, some flutter'd,
Some hiss'd, some scream'd, and others mutter'd:
The Crow, on carrion wont to feast,
The Carrion Crow condemn'd his taste:
The Rook in earnest too not joking,
Swore all his singing was but croaking.
Some thought they meant to show their wit,
Might think so still—"but that they writ"—
Could it be spite or envy;—"No—
"Who did no ill, could have no foe."—
So Wise Simplicity esteem'd,
Quite otherwise True Wisdom deem'd;
This question rightly understood,
"What more provokes than doing good?
A soul ennobled and refin'd
Reproaches every baser mind:
As strains exalted and melodious
Make every meaner music odious."—
At length the Nightingale* was heard,
For voice and wisdom long rever'd,
Esteem'd of all the wise and good,
The Guardian Genius of the wood:
He long in discontent retir'd,
Yet not obscur'd, but more admir'd;
His brethren's servile souls disdaining,
He liv'd indignant and complaining:
They now afresh provoke his choler,
(It seems the lark had been his scholar,
A favourite scholar always near him,
And oft had wak'd whole nights to hear him)

* Dean Swift. F.

Enrag'd he canvasses the m tter,
Exposes all their senseless chatter,
Shows him and them in such a light,
As more inflames, yet quells their spite.
They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
For rage had rais'd it very high:
Sham'd by the wisdom of his notes,
They hide their heads, and hush their throats.

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABL]

OF THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

In ancient times, the wise were able
In proper terms to write a fable:
Their tales would always justly suit
The characters of every brute.
The ass was dull, the lion brave,
The stag was swift, the fox a knave;
The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
The hound would scent, the wolf would prowl:
A pigeon would, if shown by Æsop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up.
Far otherwise a great divine
Has learnt his fables to refine:
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You see him first the peacock bring,
Against all rules, to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wise.
Now, pray, observe the Doctor's choice,
A peacock chose for flight and voice;
Did ever mortal see a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?

And for his singing, Doctor, you know,
Himself complain'd of it to Juno.
He squalls in such a hellish noise,
He frightens all the village boys.
This peacock kept a standing force,
In regiments of foot and horse:
Had statesmen too of every kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind;
And this was thought the highest post;
For, rule the rump, you rule the roast.
The Doctor names but one at present,
And he of all birds was a pheasant.
This pheasant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ;
And, when among companions privy,
Could quote your Cicero and Livy.
Birds, as he says, and I allow,
Were scholars then, as we are now,
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricassees and olios:
This Pheasant by the Peacock's will,
Was viceroy of a neighbouring hill;
And, as he wander'd in his park,
He chanc'd to spy a clergy Lark;
Was taken with his person outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d:
Then in a net the Pheasant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the tale is pleasant,
Himself the lark, my lord the pheasant;
A lark he is, and such a lark
As never came from Noah's ark:
And though he had no other notion,
But building, planning, and devotion;

Though 'tis a maxim you must know,
"Who does no ill, can have no foe;"
Yet how can I express in words
The strange stupidity of birds?
This Lark was hated in the wood,
Because he did his brethren good.
At last the Nightingale comes in,
To hold the Doctor by the chin:
We all can find out what he means,
The worst of disaffected deans:
Whose wit at best was next to none,
And now that little next is gone,
Against the court is always blabbing,
And calls the senate-house a cabin;
So dull, that but for spleen and spite,
We ne'er should know that he could write;
Who thinks the nation always err'd,
Because himself is not preferr'd:
His heart is through his libel seen,
Nor could his malice spare the queen:
Who, had she known his vile behaviour,
Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.
A noble lord* has told his pranks,
And well deserves the nation's thanks.
O! would the senate deign to show
Resentment on this public foe;
Our Nightingale might fit a cage,
There let him starve, and vent his rage;
Or, would they but in fetters bind,
This enemy of humankind!
Harmonious Coffee,† show thy zeal,
Thou champion for the commonweal:

* Lord Allen, the same who is meant by Traulus. F.
† A Dublin garreteer. F.

[illegible] on a theme like this repine,
[illegible] once to wet thy pen divine:
[illegible]w that libeller a lash,
Who daily vends seditious trash:
Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,
But in the praise of virtue is dumb:
That scribbler lash, who neither knows
The turn of verse, nor style of prose;
Whose malice, for the worst of ends,
Would have us lose our English friends;
Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more, and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.
Love send this Nightingale may fall,
Who spends his day and night in gall!
So, Nightingale and Lark adieu;
I see the greatest owls in you
That ever screech'd, or ever flew.

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty two,
A rich divine began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends consent,
The couple to the temple went:
They first invite the Cyprian queen;
Twas answer'd, "She would not be seen;"
The Graces next, and all the Muses,
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.

Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch;
While mistress Iris held her train,
The faded bow distilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But show'd no more than half her face.
  Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was spent;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom, drest to make a figure,
Assumes an artificial vigour;
A flourish'd nightcap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
  And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start:
Scarce run a step before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds:
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass consults her looks:
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dress these parsons wear!
So odd a choice how could she make!
Wish'd him a colonel for her sake,

Then, on her finger's ends, she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, she heard her uncle say,
Sixty if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise;
You see the crow's feet round his eyes.
At once she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening work so fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is mawkish, and his stomach gone;
In threadbare gown, would scarce a louse hold;
Looks like the chaplain of his household;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employ her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
Computes, that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
Canst thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine;
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire, as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.
If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,

Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon:
She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.

But now, tho' scarce a twelvemonth married,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarried,
The cause, alas, is quickly guess'd;
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his reverence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath:
No other way but try the bath.

For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infus'd a strong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Acheloüs' spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;

The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find:
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn,
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
  Hither, though much against the grain,
The Dean has carried Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent:
His money spent! a clownish reason!
And must my lady slip her season?
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.
  Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my lady's case:
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise:
His money and her time employs
In music, raffling rooms, and toys;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there:
Where if the Dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years.
He keeps his distance in the gallery,
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expose
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
  So have I seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foster'd by a hen;

But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
The Dean, with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.
The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in swarms.
O, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted pox to last for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN* TO BE HANGED I A RAPE. 1730.

I.

Our brethren of England, who love us so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
(A blessing upon them!) have sent us this year
For the good of our church, a true English dean.

* Dr. Thomas Sawbridge, dean of Fernes. F.

A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape,
The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burst into her chamber, and would have caress'd her;
But she valued her honour much more than her life.
She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

III.

The Dean he pursued, to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company stood in defence of the dame,
They cudgell'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down stairs.
His deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himself drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The Dean, and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his deanship to ape
In every debauch, but committing a rape.

VI.

This protestant zealot, this English divine,
  In church and in state was of principles sound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
  And griev'd that a tory should live above ground.
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a rape?

VII.

By old popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
  Each priest had a concubine, *jure ecclesiæ;*
Who'd be dean of Fernes without a *commendam?*
  And precedents we can produce, if it please ye:
Then why should the Dean, when whores are so cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

VIII.

If fortune should please but to take such a crotchet
  (To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor)
To give thee lawn sleeves, a mitre, and rochet,
  Whom wouldst thou resemble? I leave thee a guesser.
But I only behold thee in Atherton's* shape,
For sodomy hang'd: as thou for a rape.

IX.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave Colonel Chartres,
  Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten?
To hang him, all England would lend him their garters,
  Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

* A bishop of Waterford, of infamous character. H.

X.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were so willing:
He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;
He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and sorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.

XI.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice:
Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
No devil nor Dean could ravish them then.
Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
Tied round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

XII.

Our church and our state dear England maintains,
For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad:
She sends us our bishops, our judges, and deans,
And better would give us, if better she had.
But, lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
When the good English dean is hang'd up for a rape.

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRESHER, AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM. 1730.

The thresher Duck could o'er the queen prevail,
The proverb says, "no fence against a flail."

From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains;
For which her majesty allows him grains:
Though 'tis confest, that those, who ever saw
His poems, think them not all worth a straw!
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threshing stubble
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

THE LADY'S DRESSING ROOM.* 1730.

Five hours (and who can do it less in ?)
By haughty Cælia spent in dressing;
The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here:
And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the armpits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every side:
On such a point, few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Cælia sweet and cleanly.

* A defence of "The Lady's Dressing Room," by some facetious friend of our author, is printed in Faulkner's edition; which, after a humorous travesty of ten lines only of "Horace's Art of Poetry," decides clearly that there are ten times more slovenly expressions in those ten lines of Horace, than in the whole poem of Dr. Swift. N.

Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses;
Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt,
No brush could force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair:
A forehead-cloth with oil upon't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here alum-flower, to stop the steams
Exhal'd from sour unsavoury streams;
There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
Here gillipots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;
Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
And ointments good for scabby chops.
Hard by a filthy basin stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands:
The basin takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits, and here she spews.
But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd,
With dirt, and sweat, and earwax grim'd;
No object Strephon's eye escapes;
Her petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes,*

* Var. "marks of stinking toes." H.

Or greasy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Cælia slept at least a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.
  The virtues we must not let pass
Of Cælia's magnifying-glass;
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
It show'd the visage of a giant:
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Cælia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.
  Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest?
And must you needs describe the chest?
That careless wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite?
In vain the workman show'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes:
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Resolv'd to go through thick and thin,
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.
  As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew.

He still was comforted to find
That hope at last remain'd behind:
So Strephon, lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And foul his hands in search of hope.
O! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Cælia's chamber seen!
O! may she better learn to keep
Those "secrets of the hoary deep."*
As mutton cutlets, prime of meat,
Which, though with art, you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire;
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon the cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench:
So things which must not be exprest,
When plump'd into the reeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell
To taint the parts from whence they fell:
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round every room.
Thus finishing his grand survey,
Disgusted Strephon stole away;
Repeating in his amorous fits,
"Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh—!"

* Milton.

But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks;
And, if unsavoury odours fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in contrast.
I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuse,
Because she rose from stinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky quean.
When Cœlia all her glory shows,
If Strephon would but stop his nose,
(Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, slops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout;)
He soon will learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy tulips rais'd from dung.

THE POWER OF TIME. 1730.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;

If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry;
When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine)
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

Sir Robert, weary'd by Will Pulteney's teazings,
Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
Resolv'd that Will and he should meet no more,
Full in his face Bob shuts the council-door;
Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
To punish thieves, or lash a suburb-wench;
Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter—What shall I advise?
E'en quit the House, for thou too long has sat in't,
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;
There, near thy master's throne in shelter plac'd,
Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waste.
Yet still I fear your work is done but half:
For, while he keeps his pen, you are not safe.
Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral, when apply'd to you.
A hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds
By often shifting into distant grounds;
Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of dogfish had him in the wind.
He scours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Descends for shelter to the shades below:

There Cerberus lay watching in his den,
(He had not seen a hare the Lord knows when)
Out bounc'd the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double swiftness fled;
Hunted from earth, and sea, and Hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distrest!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest:
Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear:
He left his scut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the hare pursu'd, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky:
Nor can you go to Hell, before you die.
So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long.*

* This hunting ended in the promotion of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister, but earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but earl of Bath. H.

EPITAPH

ON FREDERICK DUKE OF SCHOMBERG.*

Hic infra situm est corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG.
ad BUDINDAM occisi, A. D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,
UT HÆREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent;
Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
diu ac sæpè orando nil profecêre;
Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,
†Saltem ut scias, hospes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSIS cineres
delitescunt.
" Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos."
A. D. 1731.

* The duke was unhappily killed, in crossing the river Boyne, July 1, 1690; and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a small monument to his honour, at their own expense. N.

† The words that Dr. Swift first concluded the epitaph with were, " Saltem ut sciat viator indignabundus, quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineres delitescens." N.

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

Two college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet
On love, and books, and rapture sweet;
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other Peter)
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
To chat awhile, and warm his nose;
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to darn
With threads of different colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown,
(A rug, for nightgown he had none)
His jordan stood in manner fitting
Between his legs to spew or spit in;
His ancient pipe, in sable dy'd,
And half unsmok'd, lay by his side.
Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.

Why, Cassy, thou wilt dose thy pate:
What makes thee lie abed so late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their matins chant in every bush:
And I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven send thou hast not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?
Then gave him some familiar thumps;
A college joke, to cure the dumps.
The swain at last, with grief opprest,
Cry'd, Cælia! thrice, and sigh'd the rest.
Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must—Is Cælia dead?
How happy I, were that the worst,
But I was fated to be curst?
Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore?
O, Peter, would it were no more!
Why, plague confound her sandy locks!
Say, has the small or greater pox
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?
Be easy, 'tis a common case.
O, Peter! beauty's but a varnish,
Which time and accidents will tarnish:
But Cælia has contriv'd to blast
Those beauties that might ever last.
Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd:
Conceive the most envenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.
Why, hang her; though she seem so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy.

Friend Peter, this I could excuse,
For every nymph has leave to choose;
Nor have I reason to complain,
She loves a more deserving swain.
But, oh! how ill hast thou divin'd
A crime, that shocks all humankind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the sun should hide his face:
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to despair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn;
And on the marble grave these rhymes,
A monument to aftertimes—
"Here Cassy lies, by Cælia slain,
And dying never told his pain."
Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark:
And there—behold Alecto stand,
A whip of scorpions in her hand:
Lo, Charon, from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry.
I come! I come! Medusa see
Her serpents' hiss direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, hellish fry;
"Avaunt—ye cannot say 'tis I."*
Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendship's sacred laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the cause;
And Cælia's horrid fact relate:
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.

* Macbeth. H.

To force it out, my heart must rend:
Yet when conjur'd by such a friend—
Think, Peter, how my soul is rack'd!
These eyes, these eyes, beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, since out it must;
But, when thou seest me laid in dust,
The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin soul bemoan
A crime to all her sex unknown!)
Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
The blackest of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;
Nor let the Zephyr's treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale:
Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Discover Cælia's foul disgrace.
But, if you fail, my spectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed—
And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my secret, and adieu.
No wonder how I lost my wits:
Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh—!

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

WRITTEN FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;
Never did Covent-garden boast
So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
No drunken rake to pick her up;
No cellar, where on tick to sup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four stories climbing to her bower;
Then, seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair;
Now picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eyebrows from a mouse's hide
Stuck on with art on either side,
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a play book smoothly lays 'em.
Now dextrously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws.
Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes;
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
Unlaces next her steel ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's skill,
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off she slips
The bolsters that supply her hips,

With gentlest touch she next explores
Her shankers, issues, running sores;
Effects of many a sad disaster,
And then to each applies a plaster:
But must, before she goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And smooth the furrows in her front
With greasy paper stuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps,
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or, if she chance to close her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the lash, and faintly screams;
Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica seems transported
Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
Belated, seems on watch to lie,
And snap some cully passing by;
Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, constables, and duns,
From whom she meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs,
Whose favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays them all in kind.

Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaster stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The crystal eye, alas! was miss'd;
And puss had on her plumpers p—ss'd.

A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas:
And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Must every morn her limbs unite.
But how shall I describe her arts
To re-collect the scatter'd parts?
Or show the anguish, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herself again?
The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a scene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
Who sees, will spew; who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE. 1731.

Of Chloe all the town has rung,
By every size of poets sung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years;
By Nature form'd with nicest care,
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,
Confess'd her of no mortal race:
And then so nice, and so genteel;
Such cleanliness from head to heel:
No humours gross, or frouzy steams,
No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow;
Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose.

Her dearest comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water:
You'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer had she walk'd the town,
Her armpits would not stain her gown:
At country-dances not a nose
Could in the dogdays smell her toes.
Her milkwhite hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and soft as wax.
Her hands, the softest ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.
While she engrosses every swain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a case all men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What swordknots! what poetic strains!
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!
But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a settlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and six, and house in town.
The bashful nymph no more withstands,
Because her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites;
Proceed we to the marriage rites.
Imprimis, at the temple porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The smiling Cyprian Goddess brings
Her infant loves with purple wings:

And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muses next in order follow,
Conducted by their squire, Apollo:
Then Mercury with silver tongue;
And Hebe, goddess ever young.
Behold, the bridegroom and his bride,
Walk hand in hand; and side by side;
She, by the tender Graces dress'd,
But he, by Mars, in scarlet vest.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus sung th' epithalamium.
And last, to make the matter sure,
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
Luna was absent on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
In state return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzzas from all the boys,
That now the pair must crown their joys.
But still the hardest part remains:
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with so high a nymph he might
Demean himself the wedding-night:
For, as he view'd his person round,
Mere mortal flesh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
Were duly wash'd, to keep them sweet;
With other parts that shall be nameless,
The ladies else might think me shameless.
The weather and his love were hot;
And, should he struggle, I know what—
Why, let it go, if I must tell it—
He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it;

While she, a goddess dy'd in grain,
Was unsusceptible of stain,
And, Venus like, her fragrant skin
Exhal'd ambrosia from within.
Can such a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard, and hairy breast!
His nightcap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no softness to his face.
  Yet, if the goddess could be kind,
What endless raptures must he find!
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men;
To visit and to court them too:
A certain goddess, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took Colonel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he should lose his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife!
(For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a schoolboy tell,
How Semele, of mortal race,
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes!
  While these reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, stripp'd, and in he crept,
But awfully his distance kept.
  Now "ponder well, ye parents dear;"
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;
And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon;

That, ere to bed they venture up,
They may discharge it every sup;
If not, they must in evil plight
Be often forc'd to rise at night,
Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
Nor let them taste what causes wind:
'Tis this the sage of Samos means,
Forbidding his disciples beans.
O! think what evils must ensue;
Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue:
And, when she once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, e'en when she meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.
Carminative and diuretic
Will damp all passion sympathetic:
And Love such nicety requires,
One blast will put out all his fires.
Since husbands get behind the scene,
The wife should study to be clean;
Nor give the smallest room to guess
The time when wants of nature press;
But after marriage practise more
Decorum than she did before;
To keep her spouse deluded still,
And make him fancy what she will.
In bed we left the married pair:
'Tis time to show how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune still assists the bold,
Resolv'd to make the first attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
With constitution cold and snowy,

Permit a brutish man to touch her?
E'en lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
Resistance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right:
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, in word, and deed.
Yet some assign a different reason;
That Strephon chose no proper season.
Say, fair ones, must I make a pause,
Or freely tell the secret cause?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first:
The bride must either void or burst:
Then see the dire effects of pease;
Think what can give the colic ease.
The nymph oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed;
Fair utensil, as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.
Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cried out! Ye Gods! what sound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, ——?
But when he smelt a noisome steam,
Which oft attends that lukewarm stream:
(Salerno both together joins,
As sovereign medicines for the loins;)
And though contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose:
He found her, while the scent increas'd,
As mortal as himself at least.

But soon, with like occasions press'd,
He boldly sent his hand in quest.
(Inspir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other side:
And, as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouser in her face.
The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove, with garlands crown'd)
Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.
Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights;
To goddesses so heavenly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet;
To silver meads and shady bowers,
Dress'd up with amaranthine flowers.
How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a spade a spade.
They soon from all constraint are freed;
Can see each other do their need.
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for dearest life;
And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeliest strains;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With interest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less asham'd,
Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when abed to let out wind.
Fair Decency, celestial maid!
Descend from Heaven to Beauty's aid!

Though Beauty may beget desire.
'Tis thou must fan the Lover's fire:
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion;
If Decency bring no supplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birth-day gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended, ready cut and dry:
But, ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.

O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe stole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny spy'd
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face,
Which nature gives in such a case;
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw, and what you smelt;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spy'd her on the privy;
And, spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.

Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent;
And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside.

Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds so short a reign;
Is, after marriage, lost so soon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politician's scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
Those arts, by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.
What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true!
Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books against their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Some show they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double meaning.
But sure a telltale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool;
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distils;
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.

Why is a handsome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppetman inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire;
Shows Sheba's queen completely drest,
And Solomon in royal vest:

But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.

A prudent builder should forecast
How long the stuff is like to last;
And carefully observe the ground,
To build on some foundation sound.
What house, when its materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a basis unsecure?
Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life:
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble?

On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good nature strive,
To keep esteem and love alive.
Then, come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO; OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED. 1731.

Apollo, god of light and wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chymists by their books;
As handsome as my lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.
His wig was made of sunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of Heaven could show
So nice and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a year rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;
The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold:
I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more.
Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.
Three weighty causes were assign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them,
His singing was another fault;
For he could reach to B in *alt*;

And, by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such singers are like Nicolini.
At last, the point was fully clear'd;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED. 1731.

All folks, who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there's a Hell, but dispute of the place:
But, if Hell may by logical rules be defin'd
The place of the damn'd—I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is Hell to be found:
Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads, damn'd knaves,
Damn'd senators brib'd, damn'd prostitute slaves;
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords and damn'd squires;
Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends, and damn'd liars;
Damn'd villains, corrupted in every station;
Damn'd timeserving priests all over the nation;
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant prelates and counsellors privy.
Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd,
For we know by these marks the place of the damn'd;
And Hell to be sure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for us that it is not at home!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.*

With a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seiz'd my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrors, bursts the skies,
And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
"Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside;
And you who never fell from pride:
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd:
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you)
—The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
—I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're bit."

* This Poem was first printed (from the Dean's MS.) in a letter from Lord Chesterfield addressed to Mr. Voltaire, dated August 27, 1752. N.

JUDAS. 1731.

By the just vengeance of incensed skies,
Poor bishop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which though his conscience forc'd him to restore,
(And, parsons tell us, no man can do more)
Yet, through despair, of God and man accurst,
He lost his bishopric, and hang'd or burst.
Those former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his master with a kiss:
But some have kiss'd the Gospel fifty times,
Whose perjury's the least of all their crimes;
Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
Yet keep their bishoprics, and 'scape the cord:
Like hemp, which, by a skilful spinster drawn
To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.
As ancient Judas by transgression fell,
And burst asunder ere he went to Hell;
So could we see a set of new Iscariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas perish like the first,
Drop from the tree, with all his bowels burst;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his own place,
His habitation let all men forsake,
And let his bishopric another take!"

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY.* 1731.

How could you, Gay, disgrace the Muse's train,
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain!†
Fain would I think our female friend‡ sincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?
Say, had the court no better place to choose
For thee, than make a drynurse of thy Muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side!
But princely Douglas, and his glorious dame,
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
The world shall own, his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.
Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuch's to the sultan's dames,
Their passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of poets to the lust of gold.
With Pæan's purest fire his favourites glow,
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below;

* The Dean, having been told by an intimate friend, that the duke of Queensberry had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his grace's receivers and stewards (which however proved to be a mistake) wrote this Epistle to his friend. H.

† See the libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret. H.

‡ The countess of Suffolk. H.

His meanest work: for, had he thought it fit,
That wealth should be the appanage of wit,
The god of light could ne'er have been so blind
To deal it to the worst of humankind.
  But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel:
  And first: to make my observation right,
I place a statesman full before my sight,
A bloated minister in all his gear,
With shameless visage and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And ostrich-like his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this monster to my view,
To show the world his chief reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud;
With these the court and senate house he plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.
  Now let me show how Bob and you agree:
You serve a potent prince, as well as he.
The ducal coffers, trusted to your charge,
Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vassels easy, and the owner blest;
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.
Not so a nation's revenues are paid:
The servant's faults are on the master laid.
The people with a sigh their taxes bring;
And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the king.
  Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
With servants, tenants, and the neighbouring squires.
Let all domestics feel your gentle sway;
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd;

Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
By telling noses with a party strong.
  Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade
At least, before your master's debts are paid;
Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
Presume to treat him at his own expense.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquisites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
With interest, and a premium paid beside,
The master's pressing wants must be supplied;
With hasty zeal behold the steward come
By his own credit to advance the sum;
Who, while th' unrighteous Mammon is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treasurer! what could he do more?
He lends my lord what was my lord's before.
  The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,
That no physician dares prescribe by stealth:
The council sit; approve the doctor's skill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill:
But the state empiric acts a safer part;
And, while he poisons, wins the royal heart.
  But how can I describe the ravenous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed:
  Suppose your lord a trusty servant send
On weighty business to some neighbouring friend:
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own:
  Should some imperious neighbour sink the boats,
And drain the fish-ponds, while your master dotes:
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Because he brib'd you with a brace of tench?

Nor from your lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury, or sooth his pride:
Nor at an underrate his timber sell,
And with an oath assure him, all is well;
Or swear it rotten; and with humble airs
Request it of him to complete your stairs;
Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.
Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue, of genuine ministerial kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich:
And, when he gravely has undone a score,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
A dex'trous steward, when his tricks are found,
Hushmoney sends to all the neighbours round;
His master, unsuspicious of his pranks,
Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks:
And, should a friend attempt to set him right,
His lordship would impute it all to spite;
Would love his favourite better than before,
And trust his honesty just so much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are sunk by premier ministers of state.
Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the father, rob the son.
A knave, who deep embroils his lord's affairs,
Will soon grow necessary to his heirs.
His policy consists in setting traps,
In finding ways and means, and stopping gaps;
He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.
In either case, an equal chance is run;
For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.

You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;
No cleanly workman can endure the stink:
A strong dilemma in a desperate case!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.
A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel split:
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.
In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,
Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd:
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs:
For vengeance more embroils, than skill repairs.
So robbers (and their ends are just the same)
To 'scape inquiries, leave the house in flame.
I knew a brazen minister of state,
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate:
In every mouth the question most in vogue
Was, when will they turn out this odious rogue?
A juncture happen'd in his highest pride:
While he went robbing on, old master died.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the minister must out.
The court invited more than one or two:
Will you, Sir Spencer? or, Will you, or you?
But not a soul his office durst accept;
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:
And, such was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.
The candidate observ'd his dirty paws;
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause:
But, when they smelt such foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

Thus, when a greedy sloven once has thrown
His snot into the mess, 'tis all his own.

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS.* 1731.

Old Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, archbishop of Hell.
And He was a primate, and He wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.
Could you see his grim grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny:
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious;
I wish I could find him out one more commodious,
But, this I am sure, the most reverend old dragon
Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there *incog.*
To give them by turns an invisible jog.
Our bishops, puft up with wealth and with pride,
To Hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,
In vain—for the devil a parson would stir.
So the commons unhors'd them; and this was their doom,
On their crosiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.

* Occasioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Irish house of commons. F.

Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may find
'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good grace, Lord Carr, and Lord Howard,*
In spite of the devil would still be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.
When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apostles but one prov'd a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.
What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy forsooth must take up with their leavings.
If making divisions was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank them, but not as they meant;
And so may such bishops for ever divide,
That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst!
Now hear an allusion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider our emblem is right;
The bishops divide, but the clergy unite.
Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head:
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught them, "divide, and ye govern."
But courage, my lords, though it cannot be said
That one cloven tongue ever sat on your head;

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton was archbishop of Cashell from 1729 to 1744; Dr. Charles Carr bishop of Killaloe from 1716 to 1739; and Dr. Robert Howard bishop of Elphin, from 1729 to 1740. N.

I hold you a groat (and I wish I could see't)
your stockings were off, you could show cloven feet.
But hold, cry the bishops, and give us fair play;
efore you condemn us, hear what we can say.
hat truer affections could ever be shown,
han saving your souls by damning our own?
nd have we not practis'd all methods to gain you;
ith the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
rovided a fund for building your spittals?
ou are only to live four years without victuals.
Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
irst take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
o God bless the Church and three of our mitres;
And God bless the Commons, for biting the biters.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX.

ADDRESSED TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ.*

LATE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
O! too nice, and too severe!
Think not, that my country song
Shall displease thy honest ear.
Chosen strains I proudly bring,
Which the Muses, sacred choir!
When they gods and heroes sing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.
Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Just precedence still maintains;

* *Originally annexed to the* Presbyterians' Plea of Merit. 1731. N.

With sacred rapture still are heard
  Theban Pindar's lofty strains.
Still the old triumphant song,
  Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
  Warns, instructs, and pleases well.
Nor has Time's all darkening shade
  In obscure oblivion press'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
  Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!
Gentle Sappho, love-sick muse,
  Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tenderest notes infuse
  Melting rapture, soft desire.
Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
  By a painted fopling won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
  Fondly pleas'd to be undone.
For young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
  Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword,
Alone, the terrors of the foe,
  Sow'd the field with hostile blood.
Many valiant chiefs of old
  Greatly lived and died, before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
  Waged the ten years famous war.
But their names, unsung, unwept,
  Unrecorded, lost, and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
  And shall now no more be known.
Virtue, which the poet's care
  Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
  Some old king without a name.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX.

But, O Humphry, great and free,
  While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
  Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.
When the deep-cut notes shall fade
  On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
  The perishing inscription.
Forgotten all the enemies,
  Envious G——n's cursed spite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
  Lost and sunk in Stygian night.
Still thy labour and thy care,
  What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
  And outshine th' unclouded sun.
Large thy mind, and not untried,
  For Hibernia now doth stand,
Through the calm, or raging tide,
  Safe conducts the ship to land.
Falsely we call the rich man great,
  He is only so that knows,
His plentiful or small estate
  Wisely to enjoy and use.
He, in wealth or poverty,
  Fortune's power alike defies;
And falsehood and dishonesty
  More than death abhors and flies;
Flies from death! No, meets it brave,
  When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
  Clients, friends, or country dear.
This the sovereign man, complete;
  Hero; patriot; glorious; free;

Rich and wise; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art he.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.*

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1731.

Occasioned by reading the following MAXIM in ROCHEFOUCAULT, "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, que ne nous déplaît pas."

"In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something that does not displease us."

As Rochefoucalt his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

* These verses have undergone, perhaps, a stranger revolution, than any other part of the Dean's writings. A manifestly spurious copy, containing 201 lines, under the title of "The Life and Character of Dr. SWIFT," appeared at London, in April 1733; of which the Dean complained heavily, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated May 1; and, notwithstanding Swift acknowledged in that Letter he had written "a poem of near 500 lines upon the same maxim of Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it," many readers have supposed (not attending to the circumstance of there being *two* poems on the subject) that the Dean disclaimed the *Verses on his own Death*. The genuine verses having been committed to the care of the celebrated author of "The Toast," an edition was printed, in 1738-9, in which more than 100 lines were omitted. Dr. King assigned many judicious reasons (though some of them were merely temporary and prudential) for the mutilations: but they were so far from satisfying Dr. Swift, that a complete edition was immediately printed by Faulkner, with the Dean's express permission. The poem, as it now stands in this collection, is agreeable to Mr. Faulkner's copy. N.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While Nature kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view!
Then let me have the higher post;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
Would you not wish his laurels cropp'd?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad, the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in Hell?
Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy; stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain humankind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me a usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven has bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first:
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die?
When, I foresee my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See, how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place were last he din'd;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
"For poetry, he's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there's no talking to some men!"
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:

"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"
In such a case, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he, who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How *many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!

* He would send *many a message* is right: but the question h
seems to destroy the unity or collective nature of the idea; i

Inquire what regimen I kept,
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear:
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
"He hardly breathes"—"The Dean is dead."

Before the passing bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"O! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now Grubstreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.

ıerefore it ought to have been expressed, if the measure would have llowed it, without the article, in the plural number, *how many messa-* et. LOWTH.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
"We must confess, his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years;
For, when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "the Dean is dead,"
And Lady Suffolk,* in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot;
I'm glad the medals† were forgot.
I promis'd him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then:
But now, as consort of the king,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news:
O, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean. F.

† Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the princess. They were to be sent in four months; but *****. See a letter of Dr. Swift's to the countess of Suffolk, dated Nov. 21, 1730. N.

And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.
  Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
  St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
" I'm sorry—but we all must die!"
  Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies;
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
  The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd to stand between:
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
  My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
" The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)

Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend.
No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight:
And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
My Lady Club will take it ill,
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart,)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come; he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No farther mention of the Dean;
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed:—and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago."—"The same."
He searches all the shop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck lane;
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past:
The town has got a better taste,

I keep no antiquated stuff;
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em:
Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honour please to buy a set?

"Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition;
'Tis read by every politician:
The country members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down;
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart:
Those maids of honour, who can read,
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Has been rewarded with a pension:*
He does an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down:
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer:
A shame he has not got a mitre!"

* Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston. H.

Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without;
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws:
" The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill-received at court.
As for his works in verse and prose,
I own myself no judge of those:
Nor, can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em;
As with a moral view design'd
To cure the vices of mankind:
His vein, ironically grave,
Expos'd the fool, and lash'd the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.
" He never thought an honour done him
Because a duke was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
Despis'd the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs;
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends:

And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood:
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.*
"With princes kept a due decorum;
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just;
In princes never put thy trust:
And would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
For her he stood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft' expos'd his own;
Two kingdoms,† just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head!
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.
"Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:

* Dr. Delany, in the close of his eighth letter, after having enumerated the friends with whom the Dean lived in the greatest intimacy, very handsomely applies this passage to himself. H.

† In 1713, the queen was prevailed with, by an address from the house of lords in England, to publish a proclamation, promising three hundred pounds to discover the author of a pamphlet, called, "*The Public Spirit of the Whigs*;" and in Ireland, in the year 1724, Lord Carteret, at his first coming into the government, was prevailed on to issue a proclamation for promising the like reward of three hundred pounds to any person who would discover the author of a pamphlet, called, "*The Drapier's Fourth Letter, &c.*" written against that destructive project of coining halfpence for Ireland; but in either kingdom was the Dean discovered. H.

But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valu'd not a groat;
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound:
But kept the tenour of his mind,
To merit well of humankind:
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursu'd each other's ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.*
"And, oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended.†
When up a dangerous faction starts,‡
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;

* Queen Anne's ministry fell to variance from the first year after its commencement: Harcourt the chancellor, and the secretary Bolingbroke, were discontented with the treasurer Oxford, for his too great mildness to the whigs; this quarrel grew higher every day until the queen's death. The Dean, who was the only person that endeavoured to reconcile them, found it impossible; and thereupon retired into Berkshire, about ten weeks before that event. H.

† In the height of the quarrel between the ministers, the queen died, Aug. 1, 1714. H.

‡ On the queen's demise, the whigs were restored to power, which they exercised with the utmost rage and revenge; impeached and banished the chief leaders of the church party, and stripped all their adherents of what employments they had. H.

By solemn league and covenant bound,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story.
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand!
With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile, or the Tower,
Himself* within the frown of power;
Pursu'd by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of saints and fens;
A servile race in folly nurs'd,
Who truckle most, when treated worst.
"By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution;
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merits were, to be his foes;
When e'en his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels.
"The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;†

* Upon the queen's death, the Dean returned to Dublin: yet numberless libels were written against him in England; he was insulted in the street, and at night was forced to be attended by his servants armed. H.

† Wood, a hardwareman from England, had a patent for coining copper halfpence for Ireland, to the sum of 108,000*l.*, which, in the consequence, must have left that kingdom without gold or silver. H.

Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
"To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,*
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs,† or old Tresilian;‡

* Whitshed was then chief justice. He had some years before prosecuted a printer for a pamphlet written by the Dean, to persuade the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures. Whitshed sent the jury down eleven times, and kept them nine hours, until they were forced to bring in a special verdict. He sat afterward on the trial of the printer of the Drapier's fourth letter; but the jury, against all he could say or swear, threw out the bill. All the kingdom took the Drapier's part, except the courtiers, or those who expected places. Whitshed died Aug. 26, 1727, (having a few months before exchanged his place in the king's bench, which he had held ten or twelve years, for the same office in the common pleas:) and Archbishop Boulter says, his uneasiness upon some affronts he met with helped to shorten his days. These affronts were certainly the satires of the Dean and his friends. H.

† Sir William Scroggs, chief justice of the king's bench in the reign of King Charles the Second, was a man of low birth, and raised himself as much by means of his debaucheries, as of his abilities in his profession. He was preferred for professing loyalty; but, Oates's plot coming forward, he exerted himself very much on the side of that informer, though he afterward changed again, and was equally violent against him. For some dirty jobs, which he did to oblige the court, he was impeached in parliament; but the matter never was proceeded upon. While at the bar, he was always necessitous; but, during his preferment, he took care to secure a good fortune for himself, having in that period purchased the manor of Brentwood, in Essex. He afterward died, in Essex street, of a polypus in the heart. N.

‡ Sir Robert Tresilian was chief justice of England in the time of Richard the Second. He was adviser of many illegal acts in that reign, for which he was impeached, with several other judges and

Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;
Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.

"In exile,* with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.
His friendships there, to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right, or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have held it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft' his wrath in vain:
******* squires to market brought;
Who sell their souls and **** for nought.
The ******* go joyful back,
To *** the church, their tenants rack,
Go snacks with *******
And keep the peace, to pick up fees:

some noblemen, in parliament. Being convicted of the offences he was charged with, he was executed, February 19, 1388. N.

* In Ireland, which he had reason to call a place of exile: to which country nothing could have driven him but the queen's death, who had determined to fix him in England, in spite of the Duchess of Somerset, &c. H.

In every job to have a share,
A jail or turnpike to repair;
And turn the tax for public roads,
Commodious to their own abodes.
"Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein;
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name,
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant;
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
"He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of whigs and tories:
Was cheerful to his dying day;
And friends would let him have his way.
"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And show'd, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better."

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS.*

TO DR. HELSHAM.†

SIR, Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

WHEN I left you, I found myself of the grapes juice sick;
I'm so full of pity, I never abuse sick;
And the patientest patient ever you knew sick:
Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick:
She mended at first, but now she's anew sick.
Captain Butler made some in the church black and blue sick.
Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-sick.
Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and you stew, sick?
Lady Santry got out of the church when she grew sick,
And, as fast as she could, to the deanery flew sick.
Miss Morice was (I can you assure 'tis true) sick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick,
Yet, ladies are seldom at ombre or loo sick.
Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er she does brew, sick.

* This medley (for it cannot be called a poem) is given as a specimen of those *bagatelles* for which the Dean hath perhaps been too severely censured. H.

† Richard Helsham, M. D. Professor of Physic and Natural Philosophy in the University of Dublin. See the Preface to Delany on Polygamy. N.

My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews sick;
But you learned doctors can make whom you choose sick:
And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, sick;
For the smell of them made me like garlic and rue sick,
And I got through the crowd, though not led by a clew, sick.
Yet hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) sick;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) sick,
And those to be sure, stuck together like glue, sick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they screw, sick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue sick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

If I write any more, it will make my poor Muse sick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne'er be like you, of a shrew sick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER,

THE doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew sick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,
For which she is gone in a coach to Kilbrew sick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew sick:
Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew sick:
And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick,
The surgeon who bled her his lancet out drew sick,
And stopt the distemper, as being but new sick.
The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew sick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and you sick:
A lady that long'd, is by eating of glue sick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clew sick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue sick.
There's a gamester in town, for a throw that he threw sick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he'll pursue sick;
I've known an old miser for paying his due sick;
At present I'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
And what would you have me with verses to do sick?
Send rhymes, and I'll send you some others in lieu sick.
Of rhymes I have plenty.
And therefore send twenty.
Answer'd the same day when sent, Nov. 23.

I desire you will carry both these to the Doctor, together with his own; and let him know we are not persons to be insulted.

"Can you match with me,
"Who send thirty-three?
"You must get fourteen more,
"To make up thirty-four;
"But, if me you can conquer,
"I'll own you a strong cur."*

This morning I'm growing, by smelling of yew, sick
My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick;
Last night I came home in a storm that then blew sic
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick;
I hear, from good hands, that my poor cousin Hug
sick;
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw sick:
And now there's no more I can write (you'll excu
sick;
You see that I scorn to mention word music.
I'll do my best,
To send the rest;
Without a jest,
I'll stand the test.

These lines that I send you, I hope you'll peru
sick;
I'll make you with writing a little more news sick;
Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick;
My carpenter swears that he'll hack and he'll hew sic
An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick;
I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view sick.
Lord; I could write a dozen more;
You see, I've mounted thirty-four.

* The lines "thus marked" were written by Dr. Swift, at the bo tom of Dr. Helsham's twenty lines; and the following fourteen we afterward added on the same paper. N.

A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR,

Pray discruciate what follows.

THE dullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,
When young is often due to the vicar.

The dullest of beasts, and swine's delight,
Make up a bird very swift of flight.

The dullest beast when high in stature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a useful creature.

The dullest beast, and a party distress'd,
When too long, is bad at best.

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.

The dullest beast and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, though he be not fat.

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.

The dullest beast and fam'd college for Teague,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.

The dullest beast and a cobbler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.

The dullest beast and that which you kiss,
May break a limb of master or miss.

Of serpent kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor mistress Dingley oft hath felt its bills.

The dullest beast, and eggs unsound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

The dullest beast and what covers a house,
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.

The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with crust,
There's nobody but a fool that would trust.

The dullest beast mending highways,
Is to a horse an evil disease.

The dullest beast and a hole in the ground,
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.

The dullest beast, and what doctors pretend,
The cookmaid often has by the end.

The dullest beast and fish for lent,
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear.

Wednesday Night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain them for me, because I cannot do it.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE BUSTS* IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732.

"Sic siti lætantur docti."

WITH honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
How are these venerable bustoes grac'd!
O queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd!
How do the friends of virtue joy to see
Her darling sons exalted thus by thee!
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Rever'd by her whom all mankind adore.

ANOTHER.

LEWIS the living learned fed,
And rais'd the scientific head:
Our frugal queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

* Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Woolaston. H.

A CONCLUSION DRAWN FROM THE ABOVE EPIGRAM, AND SENT TO THE DRAPIER.

Since Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And since our good queen to the wise is so just,
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust,
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted;
Prithee go, and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

Her majesty never shall be my exalter;
And yet she would raise me, I know, by a halter!

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER BOOK FINELY BOUND, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30, 1732.*

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

To thee, dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send;
Small is the present, but sincere the friend:
Think not so poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
Though tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace;

* It was occasioned by an annual custom, which I found pursued among his friends, of making him a present on his birth-day. Orrery.

Though pasteboards, glittering like a tinsell'd coat,
A *rasa tabula* within denote:
Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices, should provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A sinking country and an injur'd state
Thy great assistance should again demand,
And call forth reason to defend the land;
Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise
Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes:
Each vacant space, shall then, enrich'd, dispense
True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
Inform the judgment, animate the heart,
And sacred rules of policy impart.
The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more:
But lead us inward to those golden mines,
Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty grac'd, with shape and air;
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celestial mind!

VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY DR. DELANY.

Hither from Mexico I came,
To serve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long submitted to her will;
At length she lost me at quadrille.

Through various shapes I often pass'd
Still hoping to have rest at last;
And still ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot Dean;
And sometimes got within his door,
But soon turn'd out to serve the poor;*
Not strolling Idleness to aid,
But honest Industry decay'd.
At length an artist purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the shape you see.
This done, to Hermes I apply'd:
"O Hermes! gratify my pride;
Be it my fate to serve a sage,
The greatest genius of his age;
That matchless pen let me supply,
Whose living lines will never die!"
"I grant your suit;" the God repli'd,
And here he left me to reside.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

A Paper book is sent by Boyle.
Too neatly gilt for me to soil.
Delany sends a silver standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish.
Let both around my tomb be plac'd:
As trophies of a Muse deceas'd:

* Alluding to five hundred pounds lent by the Dean, without interest, to poor tradesmen. F.

And let the friendly lines they writ,
In praise of long-departed wit,
Be grav'd on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes,
To burst with envy, spite and rage,
The Vandals of the present age.

AN INVITATION, BY DR. DELANY, IN THE NAME OF DR. SWIFT.*

MIGHTY Thomas,† a solemn senatus‡ I call,
To consult for Sapphira;§ so come one and all;
Quit books, and quit business, your cure and your care,
For a long winding walk, and a short bill of fare.
I've mutton for you, sir; and as for the ladies,
As friend Virgil has it; I've *aliud mercedes;*
For Letty,‖ one filbert, whereon to regale;
And a peach for pale Constance,‖ to make a full meal;

* See Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs, vol. III. page 65. N.

† From their diminutive size, the Dean used to call Mr. Pilkington "Tom Thumb," and his wife "his lady fair." N.

‡ To correct Mrs. Barber's poems; which were published at London, in 4to. by subscription; with the addition of several poems by her son Constantine, afterward a very learned physician, and president of the college of physicians in Dublin. The Dean, in his will, bequeathed to Mrs. Barber "the medal of Queen Anne and Prince George, which she formerly gave me." N.

§ The name by which Mrs. Barber was distinguished by her friends. N.

‖ Mrs. Pilkington. N.

¶ Mrs. Constantia Grierson, a native of Kilkenny, who died in 1733, at the age of 27. She was well versed in Greek and Roman literature, history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematics. She gave a proof of her knowledge of the Latin tongue, by her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to the Lord Carteret, and by that of

And for your cruel part,* who take pleasure in blood,
I have that of the grape, which is ten times as good:
Flow wit to her honour, flow wine to her health;
High rais'd be her worth, above titles or wealth.

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST,

ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732.

PREFACE.

I HAVE been long of opinion, that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a stuttering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffeehouses; who, when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother citizens; but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by choosing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least five hundred poets in the

Terence to his son, to whom she likewise wrote a Greek epigram. Lord Carteret obtained a patent for Mr. George Grierson, her husband, to be king's printer in Ireland; and, to distinguish and reward her extraordinary merit, had her life inserted in it. See the preface to Mrs. Barber's poems. N.

* Mrs. Van Lewen (Mrs. Pilkington's mother,) who used to argue with Dr. Swift, about his declamation against eating blood. N.

city and suburbs of London; half as many coffeehouse orators, exclusive of the clergy; forty thousand politicians, and four thousand five hundred profound scholars; not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows, and critics; all as illiterate and impudent as a suburb whore. What are we to think of the fine-dressed sparks, proud of their own personal deformities, which appear the more hideous by the contrast of wearing scarlet and gold, with what they call toupets* on their heads, and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make a figure before women; some of them with hump-backs, others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their faces distorted; I have seen many of these insipid pretenders entering into conversation with persons of learning, constantly making the grossest blunders at every sentence, without conveying one single idea fit for a rational creature to spend a thought on; perpetually confounding all chronology, and geography even of present times, compute, that London hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy kind, for one among us in Dublin; beside two thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalized; whereby that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the articles of dunces by forty to one; and what is more to our farther mortification, there is not one distinguished fool of Irish birth or education, who makes any noise in that famous metropolis, unless the London prints be very partial or defective; whereas London is seldom without a dozen of their own educating, who engross the vogue for half a winter together, and are never heard of more, but give place to a new set. This has

* Whigs with long black tails, at that time very much in fashion. It was very common also to call the wearers of them by the same name. F.

been the constant progress for at least thirty years past, only allowing for the change of breed and fashion.

The poem is grounded upon the universal folly in mankind of mistaking their talents; by which the author, does a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesses: and yet he has gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals; the wolf, the ass, the swine, and the ape; all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning! so great is the pride of man!

When beasts could speak (the learned say
They still can do so every day)
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins:
Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame:
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.
The Ass, approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jest:

A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And, if it be a sin and shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he has, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd show his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.
The Swine with contrite heart allow'd,
His shape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent:
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found;
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.
The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter;
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed the strictness of his morals
Engag'd him in a hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear;

Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a stoic's rage.
  The Goat advanc'd with decent pace;
And first excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondness for the female kind:
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution;
But through a pious resolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of Chastity, as monks do now:
Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
And strictly too, as doth his reverence.*
  Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with humankind.
Some faults we own: but, can you guess?
Why virtues carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
  The Lawyer swears (you may rely on't)
He never squeez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job;

* The priest his confessor. F.

No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick despatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most.

The cringing Knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn:
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes:
But owns, he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit;
Would raise by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin; (and God forgive him!)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But see how Satan spreads his snares;
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance

And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food;
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries chops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops:
He scorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame.
  The Statesman tells you, with a sneer,
His fault is to be too sincere;
And having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to whig or tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view;
Yet he was seconded by few:
Though some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas he defeated the excise.
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
That standing troops were his aversion:
His practice was, in every station,
To serve the king, and please the nation.
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place:

His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot;
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people understood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affection he has tri'd;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year:
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
O! if his majesty would please;
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him license to retire,
And it has long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modesty or awkward shame,
(For which he owns himself to blame)
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he has liberty to choose.
The Sharper swore, he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill, he always lost;

He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye:
Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.
I own the moral not exact;
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And so absurd, that could I raise up
From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,
I would accuse him to his face
For libelling the fourfoot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers;
While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The Ass was never known so stupid,
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
There to be strok'd, and fed with pap,
As Æsop would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade:
Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis;*
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on humankind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

THAT you, friend Marcus, like a stoic,
Can wish to die in strains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
Thy insolent, illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
Thy threadbare gown, thy cassock rent,
Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
Thy week made up of fasting days,
Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
And, to complete thy other curses,
The quarterly demands of nurses,
Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave;
And, O, what virtue you express,
In wishing such afflictions less!
But, now, should Fortune shift the scene
And make thy curateship a dean;
Or some rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour small and income great;
With chariot less for use than state;
With swelling scarf and glossy gown,
And license to reside in town:
To shine where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffeehouse, or court:
And weekly persecute his grace,
With visits, or to beg a place;

With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no desire to pray or preach;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine;
Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES. 1733.

Poor ladies! though their business be to play,
'Tis hard they must be busy night and day:
Why should they want the privilege of men,
Now take some small diversions now and then?
[illegible]
Had women been the makers of our laws,
(And why they were not, I can see no cause)
The men should slave at cards from morn to night;
And female pleasures be to read and write.

A LOVE SONG,

IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

I.

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I, a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,

See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

ON THE WORDS

BROTHER PROTESTANTS

AND

FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

So familiarly used by the advocates for the repeal of the Test Act in Ireland, 1733.

An inundation, says the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all, to show their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples swim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns,

ot for the world—we doctors, brother,
it take no fees of one another."
is to a dean some curate sloven
scribes, "Dear sir, your brother loving."
s all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
at St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
s Horace in the house will prate,
, we the ministers of state."
s at the bar the booby Bettesworth,*
ugh half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
knows in law nor text nor margent,
Singleton his brother sergeant.
thus fanatic saints, though neither in
rine nor discipline our brethren,
brother protestants and Christians,
uch as Hebrews and Philistines:
in no other sense, than nature
made a rat our fellow-creature.
from your body suck their food;
is a louse your flesh and blood?
igh born of human filth and sweat, it
ell may say man did beget it.
maggots in your nose and chin
ell may claim you for their kin.

odesty and good manners did not prevent Bettesworth from
ng himself to the censure even of his own friends; for, upon
g that the Dean had dined at Mr. Worral's house, he went
after dinner, poured out some of his ill language in the Dean's
e, and said, "He could bear the appellation of rogue, or vil-
ther than *booby*." The Dean made no reply to him; but only
d to the company, "This man is altogether beside himself;
er his friends do not take better care of him. Pray, Mr. Wor-
d to his relations to get him confined." This mild answer
l the madman for this time; and the Dean never saw him af-
ds. See Swift's own account of this affair, in a letter to the
Dorset, in January, 1733-4. N.

Yet critics may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot;
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?
As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.
Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou 'rt my father."
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit.

BETTESWORTH'S EXULTATION,

UPON HEARING THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY IN DR. SWIFT'S WORKS.

WELL! now, since the heat of my passion's abated,
That the Dean hath lampoon'd me, my mind is elat
ed:—

Lampoon'd did I call it?—No—what was it then?
What was it?—'Twas fame to be lash'd by his pen:
For had he not pointed me out, I had slept till
E'en doomsday, a poor insignificant reptile,
Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,
Obscure, and unheard of—but now I'm notorious.
Fame has but two gates, a white and a black one,
The worst they can say is, I got in at the back one:
If the end be obtain'd, 'tis equal what portal
I enter, since I'm to be render'd immortal!
So clysters applied to the anus, 'tis said,
By skilful physicians, give ease to the head—
Though my title be spurious, why should I be dastard,
A man is a man, though he should be a bastard.
Why sure 'tis some comfort that heroes should slay us,
If I fall, I would fall by the hand of Æneas;
And who, by the Drapier would not rather damn'd be,
Than demigoddized by madrigal Namby.*

A man is no more, who has once lost his breath;
But poets convince us there's life after death.
They call from their graves the king or the peasant,
React our old deeds, and make what's past present;
And when they would study to set forth a like,
So the lines be well drawn, and the colours but strike,
Whatever the subject be, coward or hero,
A tyrant or patriot, a Titus or Nero,
To a judge 'tis all one which he fixes his eye on,
And a well painted monkey's as good as a lion.
The scriptures affirm (as I heard in my youth,
For indeed I ne'er read them, to speak for once truth,)
That death is the wages of sin, but the just
Shall die not, although they be laid in the dust.

* Ambrose Philips. N.

They say so, so be it, I care not a straw,
Although I be dead both in Gospel and law;
In verse I shall live, and be read in each climate;
What more can be said of prime sergeant or primate?
While Carter and Prendergast both may be rotten,
And damn'd to the bargain, and yet be forgotten.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW; OR, THE KEVAN BAYE'S NEW BALLAD,

UPON SERGEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the Tune of Derry down.

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Has insulted us all by insulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the De'el did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse?
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show:
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This peddlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Has met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some years,
What honester folks never durst for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother protestants, good men and true,
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban's the same,
What the De'el is't to him whence the Devil they came?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the Taylor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! We'll set on new rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less.
What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his old master (I need not him name)
To this damnable speaker had long ow'd a shame;
When his speech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of virtue, not wages of sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how
swore:
Knock him down, &c.

Though he cring'd to his deanship in very low strai
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And slitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's zags were more fit for the shears.
Knock him down, &c.

On this worrier of deans whene'er we can hit,
We'll show him the way how to crop and to slit;
We'll teach him some better address to afford
To the dean of all deans, though he wears not a sword
Knock him down, &c.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Dond
And Smithfield, as rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grai
A modus right fit for insulters of deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we'll make him amends,
To the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and l
friends:
But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.
Knock him down, &c.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That sergeant at law whom we call Kite the Second

You mistake; for a slave, who will coax his superiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
Though his soul he despises, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword or his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BETTESWORTH.

Dear Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you move?
The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love;
And, while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound, who attempted the Drapier.
Then, prithee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
And say of the man what all honest men say.
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains;
Say then more than they; nay, lavishly flatter,
'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter:
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
Like very foul mops, dirty more than they clean.

ON THE IRISH CLUB. 1733.

Ye paltry underlings of state,
Ye senators, who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,
Who for a dinner sell a vote;
Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops, far remov'd from saints,
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses*?
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain; remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise champaign at court,
And choose to dine at home with port:
Let prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satiric muse
Virtue or Innocence abuse;
And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men, by nature fools:
But * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

ON POETRY. A RHAPSODY. 1733.

All human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most ?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years ;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind ?
Brutes find out where their talents lie :
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round:

Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
  Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
Of gypsies littering under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets, law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter.
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.
  Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.

So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise;
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea:
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner:
Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.
Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic* type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:

But, when in capitals express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
  Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by pennypost to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating
A bastard of your own begetting.
  Be sure at Will's, the following day
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
  Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion:
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For, poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse

And since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel, Grub-street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
  Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail: yet Safe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffeehouse conceits,
Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private robber,
A statesman, or a South-sea jobber;
A prelate, who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
A duchess, or a suburb wench

Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping-stones, to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds:
So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party merit seek support:
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower:
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble senate this professes,
In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;

And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze :
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in Hell :
And lo ! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait ;
Where, in the scenes of endless wo,
They ply their former arts below ;
And as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote ;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple barking mouth to stop ;
Or, in the ivory gate of dreams
Project excise and South sea schemes ;
Or hire their party pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on kings alive ;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet :
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own ;
For law and Gospel both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine :
I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.
Your garland, in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)

Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution us'd, may serve a while.
Proceed no farther in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critic's jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities, in time and place;
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu,
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in;
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.

A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous:*
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he overrun ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote quotation on quotation.

At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table head,
Reclining on his elbowchair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.

He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like courtiers, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want them)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.
  Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is whig, and one is tory:
And this, for epics claims the bays,
And that, for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly Fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentishtown:

Tigellius plac'd in Phœbus' car
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.
  But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise,
And strive to tear you limb from limb:
While others do as much for him.
  The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place;
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since first the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.

From Flecknoe down to Howard's* time,
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied;
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolv'd to thee,
Great poet† of the hollow tree.
But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.
In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.

* Hon. Edward Howard, author of four indifferent plays, and of two books of poetry, one called "The British Princes," the other "Poems and Essays, with a paraphrase on Cicero's "Lælius." N.

† Sir William Grimston, bart. (created Viscount Grimston and baron of Dunboyne in the kingdom of Ireland, June 3, 1719,) wrote a play, when a boy, to be acted by his school-fellows, entitled, "The Lawyer's Fortune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree;" printed in 4to. 1705; a performance of so little merit that his lordship, at a more advanced period of life, endeavoured by every means in his power to suppress it; and this he might possibly have accomplished, had he not been engaged in a dispute with the duchess of Marlborough, about the borough of St. Alban's. To render him ridiculous in the eyes of his constituents, her grace caused an impression of this play to be printed, with an elephant in the title page dancing on a rope. This edition his lordship purchased; but her grace, being determined to accomplish her design, sent a copy to be reprinted in Holland, and afterwards distributed the whole impression among the electors of St. Alban's; for which place, however, he was chosen representative, in 1713, 1714, and 1727. He died Oct. 15, 1756. N.

From bad to worse, and worse they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite:
In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance: when you rashly think,
No rhymer can like Welsted* sink,
His merits balanc'd, you shall find
The laureate† leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downward deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moore‡ with vigour drops;
The rest pursue as thick as hops:
With heads to points the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
O, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muses' name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.

* That the merits of Mr. Welsted as a poet have been much unerrated, and his fair fame as a worthy member of society unwarantably traduced, an appeal may confidently be made to his Miscelaneous Works in Verse and Prose, first collected in 1787, 8vo.; and) the biographical memoirs prefixed to that collection. N.

† In some editions, instead of the Laureate, was maliciously insert-d the name of Mr. Fielding; for whose ingenious writings the supoed author manifested a great esteem. N.

‡ James Moore Smith, Esq. author of "The Rival Modes," an nsuccessful comedy, was chiefly remarkable for a consummate assurnce as a plagiarist. See his character at large, in the Dunciad, II. 0. N.

Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit;
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all her figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddesses, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the minister of state,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court:

Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose, to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight,
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean,
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.
  Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strow your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals lied.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George, exactly true is.

Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.
Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in Heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be lac'd so strait?
I'll give my monarch butter weight.
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera desiderantur.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR. SHERIDAN. 1733.

"To make a writer miss his end,
You've nothing else to do but mend."

I OFTEN tried in vain to find
A simile for womankind,
A simile I meant to fit 'em,
In every circumstance to hit 'em.
Through every beast and bird I went,
I ransack'd every element;

And, after peeping through all nature
To find so whimsical a creature,
A cloud presented to my view,
And straight this parallel I drew:
  Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in suspense and doubt,
Yet oft perverse, like womankind,
Are seen to scud against the wind:
And are not women just the same?
For, who can tell at what they aim?
  Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When bellowing they discharge their thunder:
So when the alarumbell is rung
Of Xanti's everlasting tongue,
The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.
  Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain?
  The clouds about the welkin roam:
And ladies never stay at home.
  The clouds build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair:
For all the schemes of their forecasting,
Are not more solid nor more lasting.
  A cloud is light by turns, and dark,
Such is a lady with her spark;
Now with a sudden pouting gloom
She seems to darken all the room;
Again she's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
And all is clear when she has smil'd.
In this they're wondrously alike,
(I hope the simile will strike)
Though in the darkest dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you'll see through them.

The clouds are apt to make reflection;
And frequently produce infection;
So Cælia, with small provocation
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.
The clouds delight in gaudy show,
(For they, like ladies, have their bow)
The gravest matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.
Observe the clouds in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd;
The pink, the rose, the violet's die,
In that great drawingroom the sky;
How do these differ from our Graces,
In garden-silks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birthday night?
The clouds delight to change their fashion:
(Dear ladies, be not in a passion!)
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight in change.
In them and you alike are seen
The sullen symptoms of the spleen;
The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.
In evening fair you may behold
The clouds are fring'd with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.
Grave matrons are like clouds of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;
While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.
Clouds when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:

So when my Chloe I pursue,
No Heaven besides I have in view.
  Thus, on comparison you see,
In every instance they agree;
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a cloud.

ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

Presumptuous bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show
Inferior mortals there below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse!
  We hardly thunder thrice a year:
The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear;
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.
  Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blam'd for giving claps;
But what, alas! are claps ethereal
Compar'd for mischief to venereal?
Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a cloudy sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight
Foretell a storm to last till night.
A cloud in proper season pours
His blessing down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.
When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages;
But woman is a curst inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fireworks, she can burn in water.
For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You'll see a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every second.
Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from women's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we possess'd of old.
To disappoint Ixion's rape
Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's shape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No goddess could have pleas'd him more;
No difference could he find between
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen:
His cloud produc'd a race of Centaurs,
Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures;

From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors called *nubiginæ*;
But say, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to pass for Juno?
  Before Æneas durst aspire
To court her majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd for us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him:
A coat we gave him, dyed in grain,
A flaxen wig, and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet)
With which he made a tearing show;
And Dido quickly smok'd the beau.
  Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a cloud.
We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.
  'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
Ador'd us clouds as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And died defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain;
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:

And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
  Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer, dwell
In seas and streams, or low as Hell:
E'en Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp.
Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! he kiss their a—es;
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at least:
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen windows;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.
  Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo stirs not out of door,
Without his lacquer'd coach and four.
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin!
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sunshine, rain, and hail, or snow.

You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a spunge in water;
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes;
As you shall to your sorrow know;
We'll watch your steps where'er you go;
And, since we find you walk afoot,
We'll soundly souse your frieze surtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever shows his face:
For, when we please, we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side:
And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose;
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!
'Tis sung, wherever Cælia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs;
'Tis sung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle;
But, though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by soft prolific showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.
Your poets, Chloe's beauty heignt'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to light'ning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a cloud.
But gods like us have too much sense
At poets flights to take offence:

Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF

THE LEGION CLUB.* 1736.

As I stroll the city, oft' I
See a building large and lofty.
Not a bowshot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge;
By the prudent architect,
Plac'd against the church direct,
Making good my grandam's jest,
"Near the church"—you know the rest.
Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion Club.
Such assemblies, you might swear
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpudding gabble:

* In a letter to Dr. Sheridan, April 24, 1736, the Dean says, "have written a masterly poem on the Legion Club; it is 240 lines; and in another letter, May 15, complains that other characters wer added; and says, June 5, there were fifty different copies. N.

Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
  Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every skull,
When the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy the harpies' nest;
How might then our isle be bless'd!
For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the Gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.
  Yet should Swift endow the schools,
For his lunatics and fools,
With a rood or two of land;
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
  Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:

Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills;
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.
  Let Sir Tom, that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoe boy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser,
Lay the paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from Papists, and a regicide
Fall a working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.
  Come, assist me, Muse obedient!
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
  See, the Muse unbars the gate;
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
  All ye gods who rule the soul!
Styx, through Hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder Hell.

Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord periwigg'd with snakes,
See the dreadful strides she takes!
By this odious crew beset,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolv'd to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
What, said I, is this the madhouse?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands:
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence apiece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durst a Muse before
Enter that infernal door;

Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian steams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she kept away;
Bravely I resolv'd to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featur'd brawler?
Is it Satan? No; 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of Sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are Hell and murder;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd T—p.
Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your piss;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and stink together;

Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them,
  Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloke:
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompass'd by his kin:
There observe the tribe of Bingam,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait;
Yet would gladly see the hunks,
In his grave, and search his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the court, against the nation.
  Those are A—s Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brainsick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at Hoath, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.
  There sit Clements, D—ks, and Harrison:
How they swagger from their garrison!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side Hell?
Harrison, and D—ks, and Clements,
Keeper, see, they have their payments,
Every mischief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

Bless us, Morgan, art thou there, man?
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what, learned Morgan
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a stone.
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!
Morgan, would it not surprise one!
Turn thy nourishment to poison!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They will come and right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms, prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze:
And, to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?

How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear a pleasant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted:

You should try your graving tools
On this odious groupe of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I assure you,
You will need no *car'catura;*
Draw them so, that we may trace
All the soul in every face.
Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
"Pray be patient: you shall find
Half the best are still behind!
You have hardly seen a score;
I can show two hundred more."
Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!"*

* Whilst Swift was writing these satires on the Irish parliament, he as seized with one of those fits, the effects of which was so dreadful, at he left the poem unfinished; and, after that period, very rarely tempted a composition, either in verse or prose, that required a urse of thinking, or perhaps more than one or two sittings to finish. ne of these was "The Beasts' Confession." From this time his memc- was perceived gradually to decline; and his melancholy increased the strength of his imagination brooding over the unhappy scene misery which he foresaw was his lot, when he must become, as he id, a perfect slabberer. He was often heard to offer up his prayers Almighty God, "to take him away from this evil to come." The ospect of this calamity, which he was daily lamenting, contributed ry much, as his passions were violent, to pervert his under- nding, to which many other particulars seem also to have concur- d. D. S.

ON A PRINTER'S* BEING SENT TO NEWGATE.

BETTER we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves;
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors, as our tyrants;
And swagger while the coast is clear:
But, should a lordly pike appear,
Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

OR, A NEW BALLAD,

Written by a SHOEBOY, on an ATTORNEY who was f merly a SHOEBOY.

"Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro."

WITH singing of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of shoes,
Did Hartley† set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;

* Mr. Faulkner. F. † See the next poem. F.

Two pence he had gotten by begging, that's all;
One bought him a brush, and one a black ball;
For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
The clothes on his back as being but such;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with clouts, ball, and brush,
He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to push:
Vespasian thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
Has omen'd to be Rome's emperor fort.
But as a wise fiddler is noted you know,
To have a good couple of strings to one bow;
So Hartley judiciously thought it too little,
To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
He finds out another profession as fit,
And straight he becomes a retailer of wit.
One day he cried—"Murders, and songs, and great news!"
Another as loudly—"Here blacken your shoes!"
At Domvile's* full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up, and turning of spits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing:
Such bastings effect upon him could have none:
The dog will be patient that's struck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
So expert and so active at brushes and ball,
Was mov'd with compassion, and thought it a pity
A youth should be lost, that had been so witty:
Without more ado, he vamps up my spark,
And now we'll suppose him an eminent clerk;
Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees

* Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper office F.

Suppose him a miser, attorney *per* bill,
Suppose him a courtier—suppose what you will—
Yet would you believe, though I swore by the Bible,
That he took up two news boys for crying the libel?

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE,

By Way of Defence of HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, *Esq.*

"But he by bawling news about,
And aptly using brush and clout,
A justice of the peace became,
To punish rogues who do the same."—HUDIB.

BY JAMES BLACK-WELL, OPERATOR FOR THE FEET.

I SING the man of courage tri'd,
O'errun with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face;
The first who made (let none deny it,)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd, I mean;—for who would choose
So vile a subject for the Muse?
'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the jack's slow-rising weight,
(Such toils as best his talents fit)
Or polish shoes, or turn the spit;

But, unexpectedly grown rich in
'Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;
Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it;
So, with a colonel* at his back,
The Libel feels his first attack;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another patriot Drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than alderman o'ercharg'd with liquor;
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleas'd to live to future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.
  So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libellers of kings;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated father Jove aloud,
Only in light to show his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.
  And so the Ephesian villain fir'd
The temple which the world admir'd,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

* Colonel Ker, a Scotchman, lieutenant-colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence against the printer. F.

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. IV.

PARAPHRASED. 1733.

If noisy Tom* should in the senate prate,
"That he would answer both for church and state;
And, farther to demonstrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection:"
All mortals must be curious to inquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
"What! thou, the spawn of him† who sham'd our isle,
Traitor, assassin, and informer vile!
Though by the female side‡ you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of a king:
What was thy grandsire,§ but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a year;
Whose master Moore‖ preserv'd him from the halter;
For stealing cows; nor could he read the Psalter!

* Sir Thomas Prendergast. F.

† The father of Sir Thomas Prendergast, who engaged in a plot to murder King William III; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet. F.

‡ Cadogan's family. F.

§ A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows. F.

‖ The grandfather of Guy Moore, Esq. who procured him a pardon. F.

Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chace
Thy founder's grandson,* and usurp his place?
Just Heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good?†
Then vote a worthy citizen‡ to jail,
In spite of justice, and refuse his bail!"

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,

WITH PINE'S HORACE FINELY BOUND.

BY DR. J. SICAN.

(Horace speaking.)

You've read, sir, in poetic strain,
How Varus and the Mantuan swain
Have on my birth-day been invited,
(But I was forc'd in verse to write it)
Upon a plain repast to dine,
And taste my old Campanian wine;

* Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonmell: but Sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of parson-hunters, petitioned the house against him; out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be. F.

† "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat." F.

‡ Mr. George Faulkner. Mr. Serjeant Bettesworth, a member of the Irish parliament, having made a complaint to the house of commons against the "Satire on Quadrille," they voted Faulkner, the printer, into custody (who was confined closely in prison three days, when he was in a very bad state of health, and his life in much danger) for not discovering the author. F.

But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation;
And, though I'm us'd to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taste Iernian;
But fearing that you might dispute
(Had I put on my common suit)
My breeding and my politesse,
I visit in my birth-day dress;
My coat of purest Turkey red,
With gold embroidery richly spread;
To which I've sure as good pretensions
As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
What though proud ministers of state
Did at your antichamber wait;
What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns,
Have at your levee paid attendance;
And Peterborow and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aside the general's staff,
And public cares, with you to laugh;
Yet I some friends as good can name,
Nor less the darling sons of fame;
For sure my Pollio and Mæcenas
Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley;
And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
You'll boast, perhaps, your favourite Pope;
But Virgil is as good, I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helsham and Delany;

Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian isle Hippocrates;
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bless'd another clime.
You'll plead perhaps, at my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
"Your hearing's bad!"—But why such fears?
I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in, a book.
Attack'd by slow devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhymes, and Dunster's prose;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire;
Yet still they but in vain assail'd;
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim
Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age,
'Tis yours to save these small remains
From future pedant's muddy brains,
And fix my long uncertain fate,
You best know how—"which way?"—TRANSLATE.

EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER.

INTENDED TO BE PLACED UNDER THE HEAD OF GULLIVER. 1733.

"Here learn, from moral truth and wit refin'd,
How vice and folly have debas'd mankind;
Strong sense and humour arm in virtue's cause;
Thus her great votary vindicates her laws:
While bold and free the glowing colours strike;
Blame not the picture, if the picture's like."

ON PSYCHE.*

At two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her teakettle's on, and her smock at the fire:
So loitering, so active; so busy, so idle;
Which has she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound outruns the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.
She gives you such plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To please you, she knows how to choose a nice bit;
For her taste is almost as refin'd as her wit.

* Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious lady, mother to the author of the Poem in p. 343. F.

To oblige a good friend, she will trace every market,
It would do your heart good, to see how she will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts; for, it plainly appears,
She saves half her victuals, by feeding your ears.

THE DEAN AND DUKE. 1734.

James Brydges* and the Dean had long been friends;
James is beduk'd; of course their friendship ends:
But sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
For knowing James, to boast he knows the duke.
Yet, since just Heaven the duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,
His wings are clipp'd: he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The duke and dean seem near upon a level.
O! wert thou not a duke, my good duke Humphry,
From bailiff's claws thou scarce could'st keep thy bum free.
A duke to know a dean! go, smooth thy crown:
Thy brother† (far thy betters) wore a gown.
Well, but a duke thou art; so pleas'd the king:
O! would his majesty but add a string!

* James Brydges was created Duke of Chandos, April 30, 1719.
† The Hon. Henry Brydges, archdeacon of Rochester. N.

WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS,* IN SEPTEMBER 1734.

VERTIGINOSUS,† inops, surdus, male gratus amicis;
Non campana sonans, tonitrue non ab Jove missum,
Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Non clamosa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

THE DEAN'S COMPLAINT, TRANSLATED AND ANSWERED.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone.

ANSWER.

Except the first, the fault's your own.

DOCTOR.

To all my friends a burden grown.

ANSWER.

Because to few you will be shown.
Give them good wine, and meat to stuff,
You may have company enough.

* These lines were found on his table when his servant brought up his dinner. Mrs. Ridgeway, his housekeeper, requested a copy of them; and the Dean immediately gave her the paper. N.

† The second syllable "Vertiginosus," is here made short by the Dean; perhaps the more expressive of the malady it describes, as "steterintque comæ" in Virgil. W. B.

DOCTOR.

No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANSWER.

Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

DOCTOR.

At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANSWER.

Think then of thunder when you f—t.

DOCTOR.

Nay, what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack:

ANSWER.

A woman's clack, if I have skill,
Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;
But louder than a bell, or thunder;
That does, I own, increase my wonder.

EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER.

'IN SYLLABAM LONGAM IN VOCE VERTIGINOSUS A. D. SWIFT CORREPTAM.'

MUSARUM antistes, Phœbi numerosus alumnus,
Vix omnes numeros Vertiginosus habet.
Intentat charo capiti vertigo ruinam:
Oh! servet cerebro nate Minerva caput.
Vertigo nimium longa est, divina poeta;
Dent tibi Pierides, donet Apollo, brevem.

ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.

1734-5.

MAKE Rundle bishop; fie for shame!
An Arian to usurp the name!
A bishop in the isle of saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost:
In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling orthodox with Arians?
Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it strange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence,
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at most,
Who know there is a Holy Ghost:
The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;

And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own,
  Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He's still a Christian more than they.
  We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.
  There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity.
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus:
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded,
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believed a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so gospelward devout.
While others, hither sent to save us,
Come but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon, and the German line.
  Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who show'd a better *jus divinum?*
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *episcopari.*
  Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus;
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, "Magus, prithee,
Be gone: thy money perish with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a score of chaps:

Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a year.
  Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handiwork of God;
Though e'en the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God's anointed,
And well we know, the *congé* regal
Is more secure as well as legal;
Because our lawyers all agree,
That bishoprics are held in fee.
  Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse,
How sorely I lament your loss!
That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

EPIGRAM.

Friend Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump,
Poor rump! thou hadst been better sped,
Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head;
A head, so weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground:

AN APOLOGY, &c.

A LADY, wise as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment;
So hearing of a grave Divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But, you must know, he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession:
And, if you'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before;
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither now.
The message told, he gapes, and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the squire so trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Passes the lower castle yard,
And now advancing to the guard,

He trembles at the thoughts of state;
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him;
He stopp'd, and could not tell what ail'd him.
  What was the message I receiv'd?
Why certainly the captain rav'd?
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impossible! it can't be me.
Or may be I mistook the word;
My lady—it must be my lord.
  My lord's abroad; my lady too:
What must th' unhappy doctor do?
"Is Captain Cracherode here, pray?"—"No."
"Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I'm sure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could speak;
And yet there must be some mistake.
Why, what a jest should I have been,
Had now my lady been within!
What could I've said? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad—she'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past:
Well then, I'll e'en go home and fast;
And, since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.
My lady now returning home,
Calls, "Cracherode, is the doctor come?"
He had not heard of him—"Pray see,
'Tis now a quarter after three."
The captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the servants round,
In vain—no doctor's to be found.

My lady could not choose but wonder:
"Captain, I fear you've made some blunder;
But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
I'll try his manners once again;
If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,
My son shall never see a college."
The captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense, as well as breeding;
Who, loath to blame, or to incense,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another message brought:
The doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
Panting—and faltering—hum'd and ha'd,
"Her ladyship was gone abroad;
The captain too—he did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go;"
Begg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion,
My lady, pitying his confusion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him, she thought she might believe him;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him, and eat some fruit;
Provided, at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme:
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She'd hear of no excuse in prose.
The doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So, bowing, seemingly complied;
Though, if he durst, he had denied.
But first, resolv'd to show his taste,
Was too refin'd to give a feast:

He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expense,
Or pride or vain magnificence:
For well he knew, to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
While high, and nice, and curious meats
Are really but vulgar treats.
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boast of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet;
Roses of richest die, that shone
With native lustre, like her own:
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at least thought fit
To praise it *par manière d' acquit.*
Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, can't bear
The scorching sun, or chilling air;
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shows or hides his beams:
Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees,
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigued to death.
The doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence:
" Madam, the mighty power of use
Now strangely pleads in my excuse:

If you unus'd have scarcely strength
To gain this walk's untoward length;
If, frighten'd at a scene so rude,
Through long disuse of solitude;
If, long confin'd to fires and screens,
You dread the waving of these greens;
If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
Of city fogs and crowded rooms,
Do now solicitously shun
The cooler air and dazzling sun;
If his majestic eye you flee,
Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.
Consider what it is to bear
The powder'd courtier's witty sneer;
To see th' important man of dress
Scoffing my college awkwardness;
To be the strutting cornet's sport,
To run the gauntlet of the court,
Winning my way by slow approaches,
Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
From the first fierce cockaded sentry,
Quite through the tribe of waiting gentry;
To pass so many crowded stages,
And stand the staring of your pages;
And after all, to crown my spleen,
Be told—'You are not to be seen:
Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
The awe of your majestic air.
And can I then be faulty found,
In dreading this vexatious round?
Can it be strange, if I eschew
A scene so glorious and so new?
Or is he criminal that flies
The living lustre of your eyes?

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

On rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my servants much enrages,
No scraps remain to save board wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often spunge upon a friend:
Yet, where he's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good b'ye.

VERSES MADE POR FRUIT WOMEN, &c.

APPLES.

Come buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are seven,
I wish them in Heaven;
My husband a sot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain them,
And I must maintain them.

ASPARAGUS.

RIPE 'sparagras,
Fit for lad or lass,
To make their water pass:
O, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken!

ONIONS.

COME, follow me by the smell,
Here are delicate onions to sell,
I promise to use you well.
They make the blood warmer;
You'll feed like a farmer:
For this is every cook's opinion,
No savoury dish without an onion;
But, lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
Your onions must be thoroughly boil'd:
Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be known;
She cannot discover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as sweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

CHARMING oysters I cry:
My masters, come buy,

So plump and so fresh,
So sweet is their flesh,
No Colchester oyster
Is sweeter and moister:
Your stomach they settle,
And rouse up your mettle:
They'll make you a dad
Of a lass or a lad;
And madam your wife
They'll please to the life;
Be she barren, be she old,
Be she slut, or be she scold,
Eat my oysters, and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

Be not sparing,
Leave off swearing.
Buy my herring
Fresh from Malahide,*
Better never was tri'd.
Come, eat them with pure fresh butter and mustard,
Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
Come, sixpence a dozen to get me some bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

* Near Dublin.

ORANGES.

Come buy my fine oranges, sauce for your veal,
And charming when squeez'd in a pot of brown ale;
Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.

ON ROVER. A LADY'S SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.*

Happiest of the spaniel race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribbands bound!
And the muscly swelling breast
Where the Loves and Graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the velvet ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the veiny temples flow.
With a proper light and shade,
Let the winding hoop be laid;

* In ridicule of Philips' poem on Miss Carteret.

And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, mystic power)
In a downy slumber place
Happiest of the spaniel race;
While the soft respiring dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,
On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers!
With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest dress,
Limpid rivers smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those rivers blowing;
Curling woodbine, myrtle shade,
And the gay enamell'd mead;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Sooth the heart, and kindle love.
Here for me, and for the Muse,
Colours of resemblance choose,
Make of lineaments divine,
Daply female spaniels shine,
Pretty fondlings of the fair,
Gentle damsels' gentle care;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the desperate face;
Let the spotted wanton dame
Feel a new resistless flame;
Let the happiest of his race
Win the fair to his embrace.

But in shade the rest conceal,
Nor to sight their joys reveal,
Lest the pencil and the Muse
Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

A BIRTH-DAY POEM. NOV. 30, 1736.

To you, my true and faithful friend
These tributary lines I send,
Which every year, thou best of deans,
I'll pay as long as life remains;
But did you know one half the pain,
What work, what racking of the brain,
It costs me for a single clause,
How long I'm forc'd to think and pause;
How long I dwell upon a proem,
To introduce your birth-day poem,
How many blotted lines; I know it,
You'd have compassion for the poet.
Now, to describe the way I think,
I take in hand my pen and ink;
I rub my forehead, scratch my head,
Revolving all the rhymes I read.
Each complimental thought sublime,
Reduc'd by favourite Pope to rhyme,
And those by you to Oxford writ,
With true simplicity and wit.
Yet after all I cannot find
One panegyric to my mind.

Now I begin to fret and blot,
Something I schem'd, but quite forgot;
My fancy turns a thousand ways
Through all the several forms of praise,
What elogy may best become
The greatest dean in christendom.
At last I've hit upon a thought——
Sure this will do——— 'tis good for nought——
This line I peevishly erace,
And choose another in its place;
Again I try, again commence,
But cannot well express the sense;
The line's too short to hold my meaning;
I'm cramp'd, and cannot bring the Dean in.
O for a rhyme to glorious birth!
I've hit upon't——The rhyme is earth——
But how to bring it in, or fit it,
I know not, so I'm forc'd to quit it.
Again I try—I'll sing the man—
Ay do, says Phœbus, if you can;
I wish with all my heart you would not,
Were Horace now alive he could not:
And will you venture to pursue,
What none alive or dead could do?
Pray see, did ever Pope or Gay
Presume to write on his birth-day?
Though both were fav'rite bards of mine,
The task they wisely both decline.
With grief I felt his admonition,
And much lamented my condition:
Because I could not be content
Without some grateful compliment.
If not the poet, sure the friend
Must something on your birth-day send.

I scratch'd, and rubb'd my head once more:
"Let ev'ry patriot him adore."
Alackaday, there's nothing in't—
Such stuff will never do in print.
Pray, reader, ponder well the sequel,
I hope this epigram will take well.
In others, life is deem'd a vapour,
In Swift, it is a lasting taper,
Whose blaze continually refines,
The more it burns, the more it shines.
I read this epigram again,
'Tis much too flat to fit the Dean.
Then down I lay some scheme to dream on,
Assisted by some friendly demon.
I slept, and dream'd that I should meet
A birth-day poem in the street;
So after all my care and rout,
You see, dear Dean, my dream is out.

AY AND NO. A TALE FROM DUBLIN.

WRITTEN IN 1737.

At Dublin's high feast sat primate and dean,
Both dress'd like divines, with band and face clean.
Quoth Hugh of Armagh, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the dean, "the cause is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the primate, "if causes we sift,
This mischief arises from witty dean Swift."
The smart one replied, "There's no wit in the case;
And nothing of that ever troubled your grace.

Though with your state sieve your own notions you split,
A Boulter by name is no bolter of wit.
It's matter of weight, and a mere money job;
But the lower the coin the higher the mob.
Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
The Irish dear joys have enough common sense,
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
It is pity a prelate should die without law;
But if I say the word—take care of Armagh!"

AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.*

The furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's Dean, good sir, are these:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And next the pot that boils the meat;
The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glass in which I drink;
The shelves on which my books I keep;
And the bed on which I sleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the stove that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintry night;
To these we add a thing below,
More for use reserv'd than show:
These are what the Dean do please;
All superfluous are but these.

* Ascribed to Dr. Swift, but possibly without foundation. N.

EPIGRAM.*

BEHOLD! a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing's left, that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

TO DR. SWIFT, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.†

WHILE I the godlike men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold;
Rever'd antiquity explore,
And turn the long-liv'd volumes o'er;
Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus, shine,
In every excellence divine:
I grieve that our degenerate days
Produce no mighty soul like these:

* The Dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense: at which time his guardians or physicians took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never seen, and asked what is was designed for. To which Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of the city." "Oh! oh!" says the Dean, pulling out his pocketbook, "let me take an *item* of that. This is worth remarking: 'my tablets,' as Hamlet says, 'my tablets—memory, put down that!"—Which produced the above lines, said to be the last he ever wrote. N.

† Written by Mrs. Pilkington, at a time when she wished to be introduced to the Dean. The verses being presented to him by Dr. Delany, he kindly accepted the compliment. N.

Patriot, philosopher, and bard,
Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
"Spare your reflection," Phœbus cries;
"'Tis as ungrateful as unwise:
Can you complain, this sacred day,
That virtues or that arts decay?
Behold in Swift reviv'd appears
The virtues of unnumber'd years;
Behold in him, with new delight,
The patriot, bard, and sage, unite;
And know, Ierne in that name
Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame."

ON DR. SWIFT. 1738.

No pedant Bentley, proud, uncouth,
Nor sweetening dedicator smooth,
In one attempt has ever dar'd
To sap, or storm, this mighty bard.
Nor Envy does, nor Ignorance,
Make on his works the least advance.
For *this*, behold! still flies afar
Where'er his genius does appear;
Nor has *that* ought to do above,
So meddles not with Swift and Jove.
A faithful, universal fame
In glory spreads abroad his name;
Pronounces Swift, with loudest breath,
Immortal grown before his death.

EPIGRAMS,

CCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL FOR IDIOTS AND LUNATICS.

I.

THE Dean must die—our idiots to maintain!
Perish, ye idiots! and long live the Dean!

II.

O GENIUS of Hibernia's state,
Sublimely good, severely great,
How doth this latest act excel
All you have done or wrote so well!
Satire may be the child of spite,
And fame might bid the Drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a soul both good and wise,
Resembling him who rules the skies.
He to the thoughtful mind displays
Immortal skill ten thousand ways;
And, to complete his glorious task,
Gives what we have not sense to ask?

III.

Lo! Swift to idiots bequeaths his store:
Be wise, ye rich!—consider thus the poor!

ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH-DAY.

BEING ON NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to rest were gone,
Entranc'd in softest sleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My soul as calm as it could be.
The queen of dreams, well pleas'd to find
An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
And there she drew St. Patrick's dean;
I straight beheld on either hand
Two saints, like guardian angels, stand,
And either claim'd him for their son,
And thus the high dispute begun:
St. Andrew first, with reason strong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong.
"Swift is my own, by right divine,
All born upon this day are mine."
St. Patrick said, "I own this true,
So far he does belong to you!
But in my church he's born again,
My son adopted, and my Dean.
When first the Christian truth I spread,
The poor within this isle I fed,
And darkest errors banish'd hence,
Made knowledge in their place commence:

Nay more, at my divine command,
All noxious creatures fled the land.
I made both peace and plenty smile.
Hibernia was my favourite isle;
Now his—for he succeeds to me,
Two angels cannot more agree.
" His joy is, to relieve the poor;
Behold them weekly at his door!
His knowledge too, in brightest rays,
He like the sun to all conveys,
Shows wisdom in a single page,
And in one hour instructs an age,
When ruin lately stood around
Th' enclosures of my sacred ground,
He gloriously did interpose,
And sav'd it from invading foes;
For this I claim immortal Swift,
As my own son, and Heaven's best gift."
The Caledonian saint enrag'd,
Now closer in dispute engag'd.
Essays to prove, by transmigration,
The Dean is of the Scottish nation;
And, to confirm the truth, he chose
The loyal soul of great Montrose;
" Montrose and he are both the same,
They only differ in the name:
Both heroes in a righteous cause,
Assert their liberties and laws;
He's now the same, Montrose was then,
But that the sword is turn'd a pen,
A pen of so great power, each word
Defends beyond the hero's sword."
Now words grew high—we can't suppose
Immortals ever come to blows.

But least unruly passion should
Degrade them into flesh and blood,
An angel quick from Heaven descends,
And he at once the contest ends:
" Ye reverend pair from discord cease,
Ye both mistake the present case;
One kingdom cannot have pretence
To so much virtue! so much sense!
Search Heaven's record; and there you'll find,
That he was born for all mankind."

AN EPITSLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, Esq.*

WITH A PICTURE OF DR. SWIFT.

BY WILLIAM DUNKIN, D. D.†

To gratify thy long desire
(So Love and Piety require,)
From Bindon's‡ colours you may trace
The patriot's venerable face.
The last, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;

* Created Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare, Dec. 20. 1766. N.

† This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at that dismal period of the Dean's life when all suspicion of flattery must vanish, reflects the highest honour on the ingenious writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Dr. Swift. N.

‡ Samuel Bindon, Esq. one of the greatest painters and architects of his time. On account of his age, and some little failure in his sight, he threw aside his pencil soon after the year 1750; and afterward lived to a good old age, greatly beloved and respected by all who had the happiness either of his friendship or acquaintance. He died June 2, 1765. N.

For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchless monarch of the pen
(Whose labours, like the genial sun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the sun, decline,
But in their full meridian shine,)
That ever-honour'd, envied sage,
So long the wonder of his age,
Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
Is not the shadow of the Dean;
He only breathes Bœotian air—
"O! what a falling off was there!"
Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour die;
And what remains against the storm
Of Malice, but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That stood the bulwark of this isle?
In which the sisterhood was fix'd
Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
Imperial Reason, Thought profound,
And Charity, diffusing round
In cheerful rivulets to flow
Of Fortune to the sons of wo?
Such once, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift,
But lo! the pure æthereal flame
Is darken'd by a misty steam:
The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither'd ere it fell.
That godlike supplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is but a shell without the gem.

Ye sons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And, in the field of letter'd arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;
By Providence advanced for use,
Which you should study to produce.
Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,
May haply be recall'd from you
Before the grave demands his due.
Then, while your morning star proceeds,
Directs your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.
Ah! where is now the supple train,
That danc'd attendance on the Dean?
Say, where are those facetious folks,
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung
On wisdom, dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore?
Good Christians! they with bended knees
Ingulf'd the wine, but loath the lees,

Averting (so the text commands,)
With ardent eyes and upcast hands,
The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats from sinking ships.
While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mungrels, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals;
And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
Through Scandal's magnifying glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The sounder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a sore:
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style;
Since all the monsters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.
But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death;
That He, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his past heroic deeds,
In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republic of the bless'd!

Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refin'd;
And these the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!
Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.
So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

ON THE DRAPIER.

BY DR. DUNKIN.*

UNDONE by fools at home, abroad by knaves,
The isle of saints became the land of slaves,
Trembling beneath her proud oppressor's hand;
But, when thy reason thunder'd through the land,

* See the translation of Carberiæ Rupes, in vol. X. In the Select Poetical Works of Dr. Dunkin, published at Dublin in 1770, are four well-chosen compliments to the Dean on his birthday, and a very humorous poetical advertisement for a copy of Virgil Travestie, which, at the Dean's request, Dr. Dunkin had much corrected, and afterward lost. After offering a small reward to whoever will restore it, he adds,

"Or if, when this book shall be offer'd to sale,
Any printer will stop it, the bard will not fail

Then all the public spirit breath'd in thee,
And all, except the sons of guilt, were free.
Blest isle, blest patriot, ever glorious strife!
You gave her freedom, as she gave you life!
Thus Cato fought, whom Brutus copied well,
And with those rights, for which you stand, he fell.

EPITAPH, PROPOSED FOR DR. SWIFT. 1745.

HIC JACET
DEMOCRITVS ILLE NEOTERICVS, RABELAESIVS NOSTER,
IONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P. HVIVS CATHEDRALIS NUPER DECANVS;
MOMI, MVSARVM, MINERVAE, ALVMNVS PERQVAM DILECTVS;
INSVLSIS, HYPOCRITIS, THEOMACHIS, IVXTA EXOSVS;
QVOS TRIBVTIM SVMMO CVM LEPORE
DERISIT, DENVDAVIT, DEBELLAVIT.
PATRIAE INFELICIS PATRONVS IMPIGER, ET PROPVGNATOR
PRIMORES ARRIPVIT, POPVLVMQVE INTERRITVS,
VNI SCILICET AEQVVS VIRTVTI.
HANC PAVILLAM
SI QUIS ADES, NEC PENITVS EXCORS VIDETVR,
DEBITA SPARGES LACRYMA.

To make over the issues and profits accruing
From thence to the printer, for his care in so doing;
Provided he first to the poet will send it,
That where it is wrong, he may alter and mend it."

Several instances of Dr. Swift's regard for this ingenious writer may be seen in the present collection. See vol. XIX. p. 151. N.

EPIGRAM ON TWO GREAT MEN. 1745.

Two geniuses one age and nation grace:
Pride of our isles, and boast of human race!
Great sage! great bard! supreme in knowledge born!
The world to mend, enlighten, and adorn!
Truth on Cimmerian darkness pours the day!
Wit drives in smiles the gloom of minds away!
Ye kindred suns on high, ye glorious spheres,
Whom have ye seen, in twice three thousand years,
Whom have ye seen, like these, of mortal birth;
Though Archimede and Horace blest the earth?
Barbarians, from th' Equator to the Poles,
Hark! reason calls! wisdom awakes your souls!
Ye regions, ignorant of Walpole's name;
Ye climes, where kings shall ne'er extend their fame;
Where men, miscall'd, God's image have defac'd,
Their form belied, and human shape disgrac'd!
Ye two-legg'd wolves! slaves! superstitious sons!
Lords! soldiers! holy Vandals! modern Huns!
Boors, mufties, monks; in Russia, Turkey, Spain!
Who does not know Sir Isaac, and The Dean?

TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR SWIFT.

When wasteful death has clos'd the Poet's eyes,
And low in earth his mortal essence lies;
When the bright flame, that once his breast inspir'd,
Has to its first, its noblest seat retir'd;
All worthy minds, whom love of merit sways,
Should shade from slander his respected bays;

And bid that fame, his useful labours won,
Pure and untainted through all ages run.
  Envy's a fiend all excellence pursues,
But mostly poets favour'd by the Muse:
Who wins the laurel, sacred verse bestows,
Makes all, who fail in like attempts, his foes:
No puny wit of malice can complain,
The thorn is theirs, who most applauses gain.
  Whatever gifts or graces Heaven design'd
To raise man's genius, or enrich his mind,
Were Swift's to boast—alike his merits claim,
The statesman's knowledge, and the poet's flame;
The patriot's honour, zealous to defend
His country's rights—and *faithful to the end;*
The sound divine, whose charities display'd
He more by virtue than by forms was sway'd;
Temperate at board, and frugal of his store,
Which he but spar'd, to make his bounties more;
The generous friend, whose heart alike caress'd,
The friend triumphant, or the friend distress'd;
Who could unpain'd another's merit spy,
Nor view a rival's fame with jaundic'd eye;
Humane to all, his love was unconfin'd,
And in its scope embrac'd all humankind;
Sharp, not malicious, was his charming wit,
And less to anger than reform he writ;
Whatever rancour his productions show'd,
From scorn of vice and folly only flow'd;
He thought that fools were an invidious race,
And held no measures with the vain or base:
  Virtue so clear! who labours to destroy,
Shall find the charge can but himself annoy:
The slanderous theft to his own breast recoils,
Who seeks renown from injur'd merit's spoils;

All hearts unite, and Heaven with man conspires
To guard those virtues, she herself admires.
O sacred bard!—once ours!—but now no more,
Whose loss, for ever, Ireland must deplore.
No earthly laurels needs thy happy brow,
Above the poet's are thy honours now:
Above the patriot's (though a greater name
No temporal monarch for his crown can claim.)
From noble breasts if envy might ensue,
Thy death is all the brave can envy you.
You died, when merit (to its fate resign'd)
Saw scarce one friend to genius left behind.
When shining parts did jealous hatred breed,
And 'twas a crime in science to succeed,
When ignorance spread her hateful mist around;
And dunces only an acceptance found,
What could such scenes in noble minds beget,
But life with pain, and talents with regret?
Add, that thy spirit from the world retir'd,
Ere hidden foes its farther grief conspir'd;
No treacherous friend did stories yet contrive,
To blast the Muse he flatter'd when alive,
Or sordid printer (by his influence led)
Abus'd the fame that first bestow'd him bread.
Slanders so mean, had he whose nicer ear
Abhorr'd all scandal, but surviv'd to hear.
The fraudful tale had stronger scorn supply'd,
And he (at length) with more disdain had died.
But since detraction is the portion here
Of all who virtuous durst, or great, appear,
And the free soul no true existence gains,
While earthy particles its flight restrains,
The greatest favour grimful Death can show,
Is with swift dart to expedite the blow.

So thought the Dean, who, anxious for his fate,
Sigh'd for release, and deem'd the blessing late.
And sure if virtuous souls (life's travail past)
Enjoy (as churchmen teach) repose at last,
There's cause to think, a mind so firmly good,
Who vice so long, and lawless power, withstood,
Has reach'd the limits of that peaceful shore,
Where knaves molest, and tyrants awe, no more;
These blissful seats the pious but attain,
Where incorrupt, immortal spirits reign.
There his own Parnell strikes the living lyre,
And Pope harmonious joins the tuneful choir;
His Stella too (no more to forms confin'd,
For heavenly beings all are of a kind)
Unites with his the treasures of her mind,
With warmer friendships bids their bosoms glow,
Nor dreads the rage of vulgar tongues below,
Such pleasing hope the tranquil breast enjoys,
Whose inward peace no conscious crime annoys;
While guilty minds irresolute appear,
And doubt a state their vices needs must fear.

R——T B——N.

Dublin,
Nov. 4, 1755.

AN INSCRIPTION

INTENDED FOR A COMPARTMENT IN DR. SWIFT'S MONUMENT, DESIGNED BY CUNNINGHAM, ON COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

June 4, 1765.

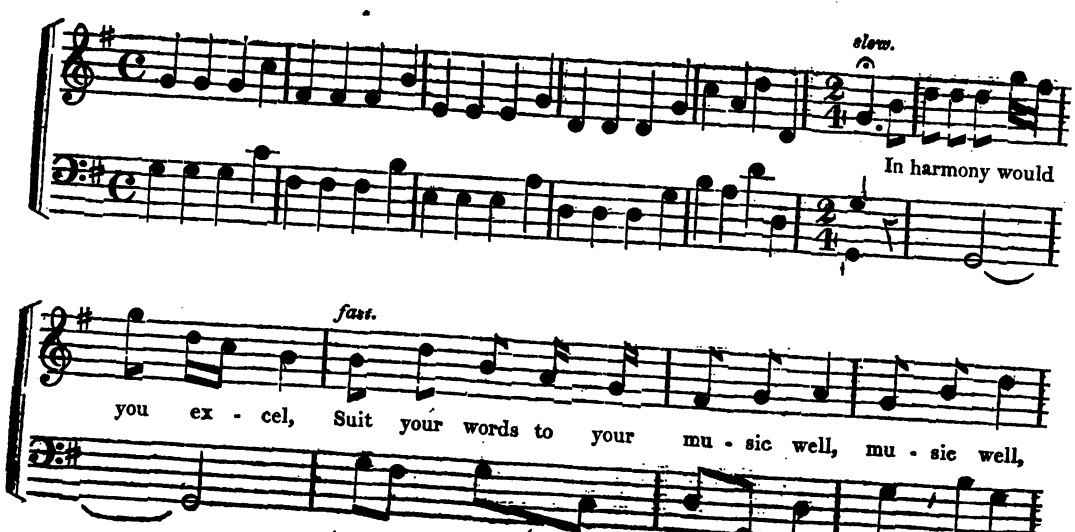
AN EPIGRAM.

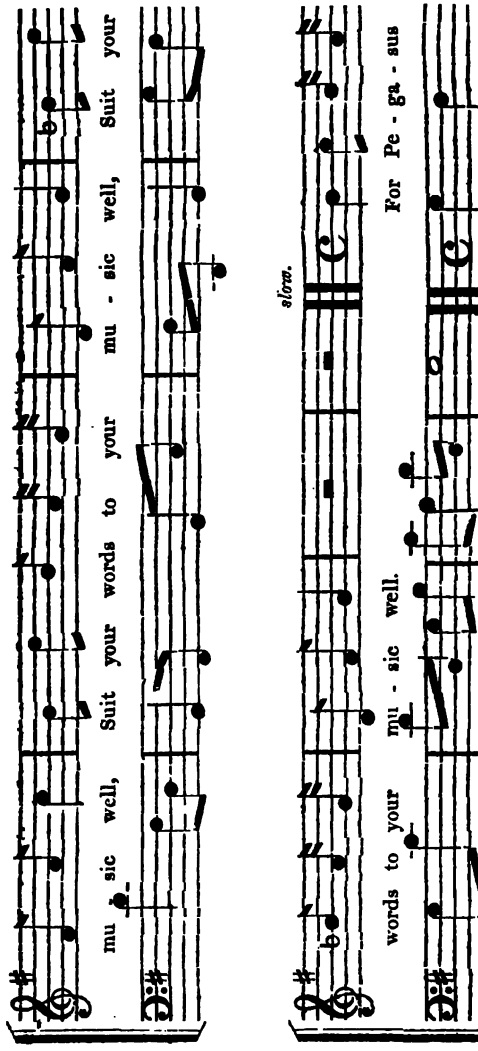
OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

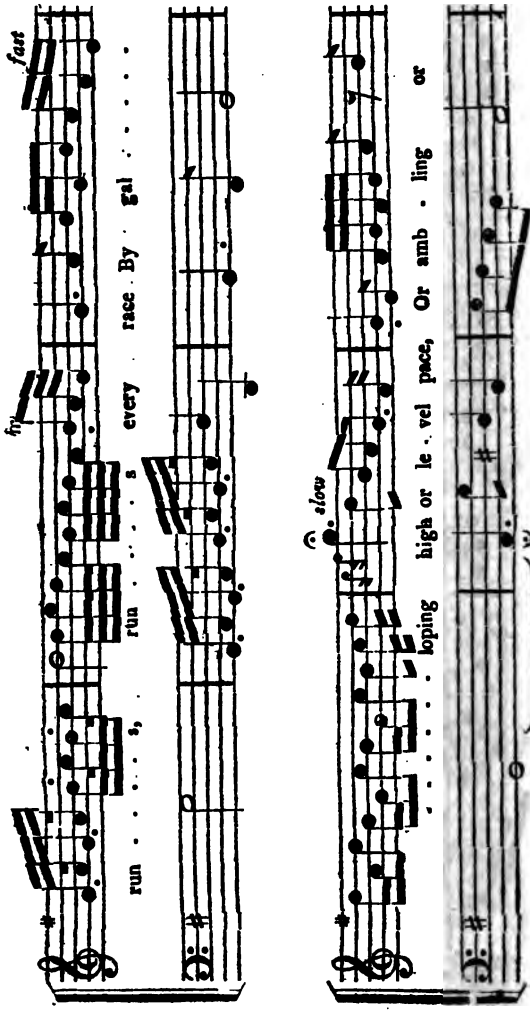
WHICH gave the Drapier birth two realms contend;
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loss Ierne's laurel shall supply:
Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

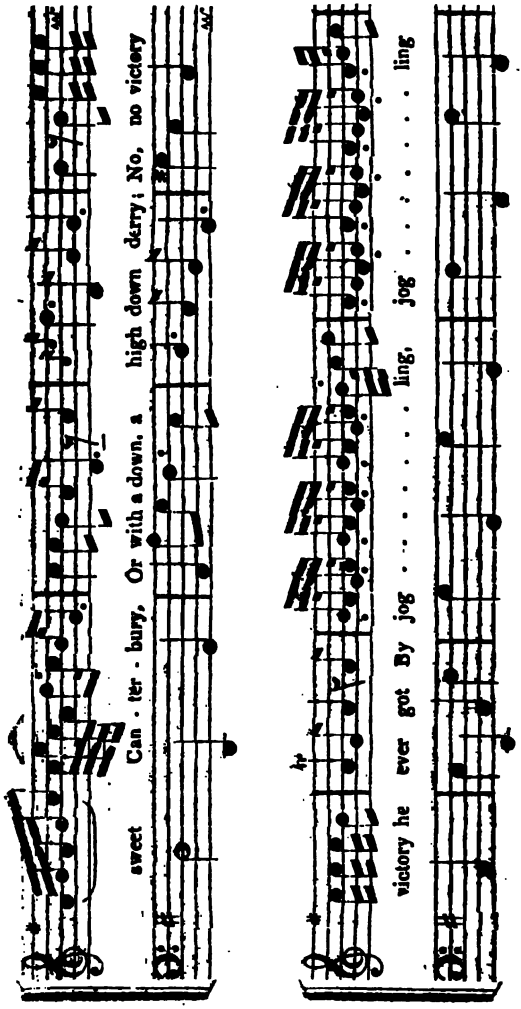
1766. W. B. J. N.

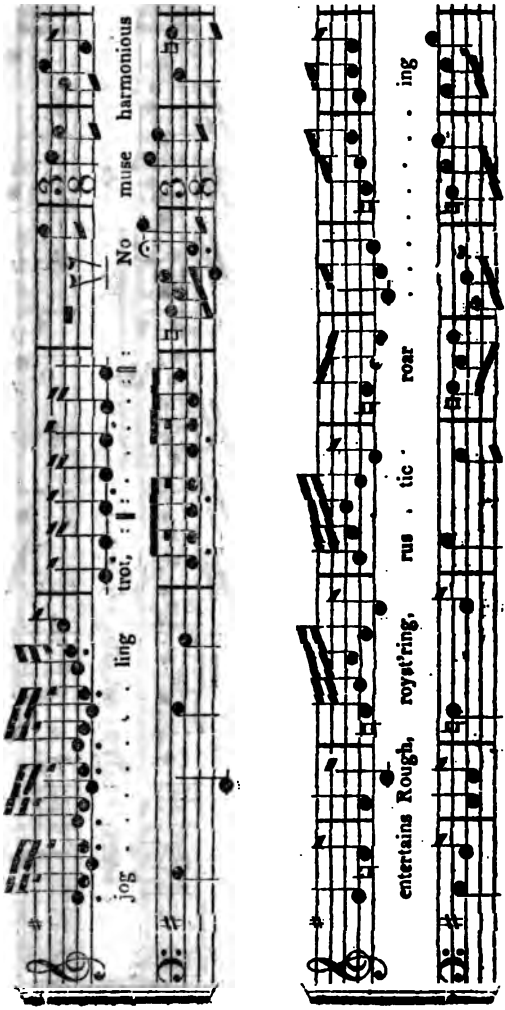
A CANTATA.

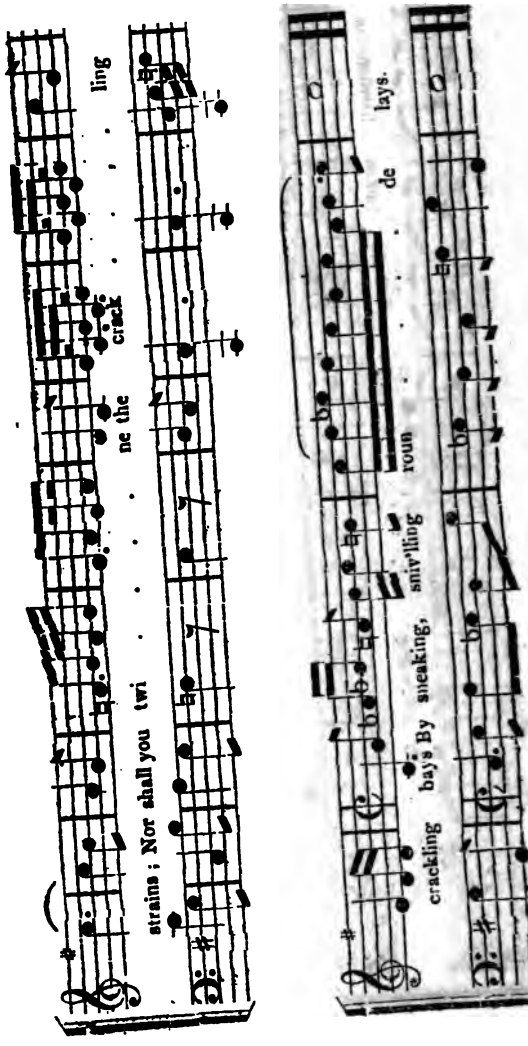

slow.
In harmony would
fast.
you ex - cel, Suit your words to your mu - sic well, mu - sic well,

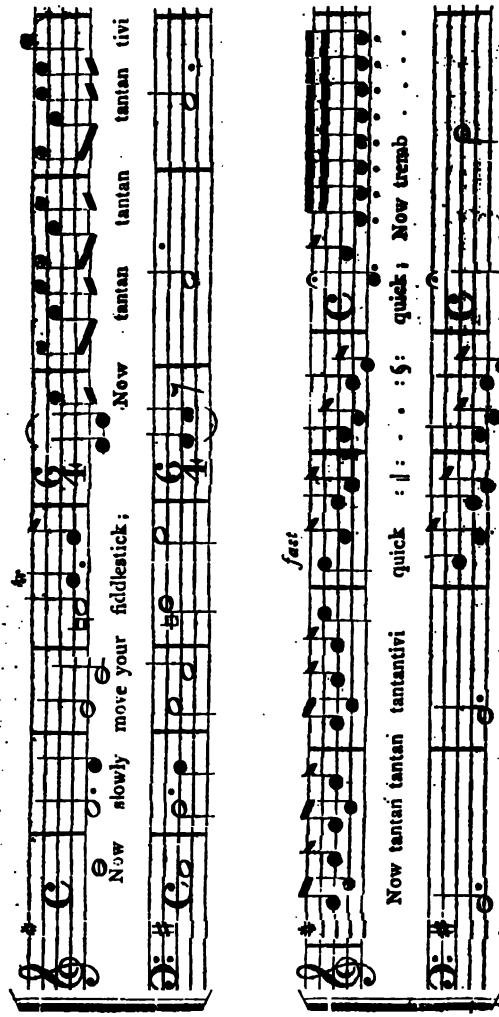

mu - sic well, Suit your words to your mu - sic well, Suit your
slow.
words to your mu - sic well. For Pe - ga - sus

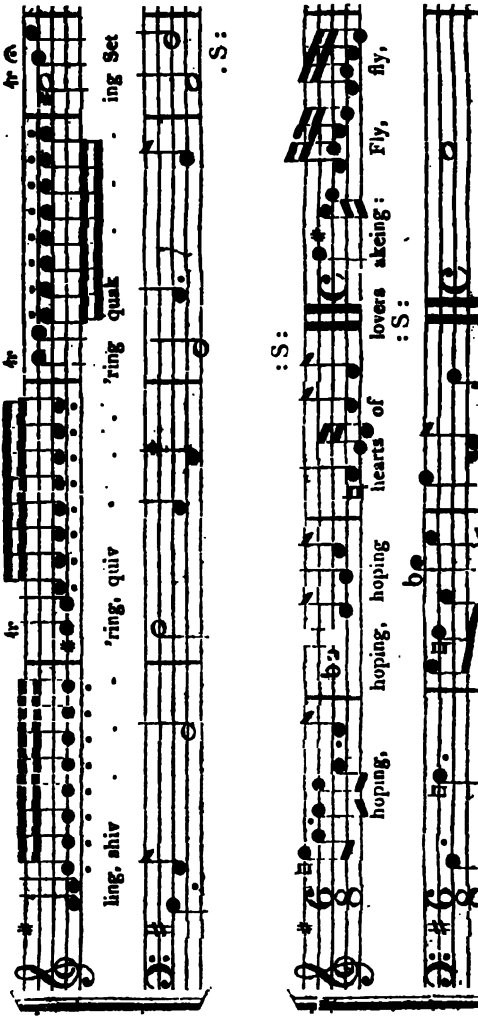

fast
run . . . . . s,
run . . . . . s
every race By gal . . . . . .
slow
loping high or le . vel pace, Or amb . ling or

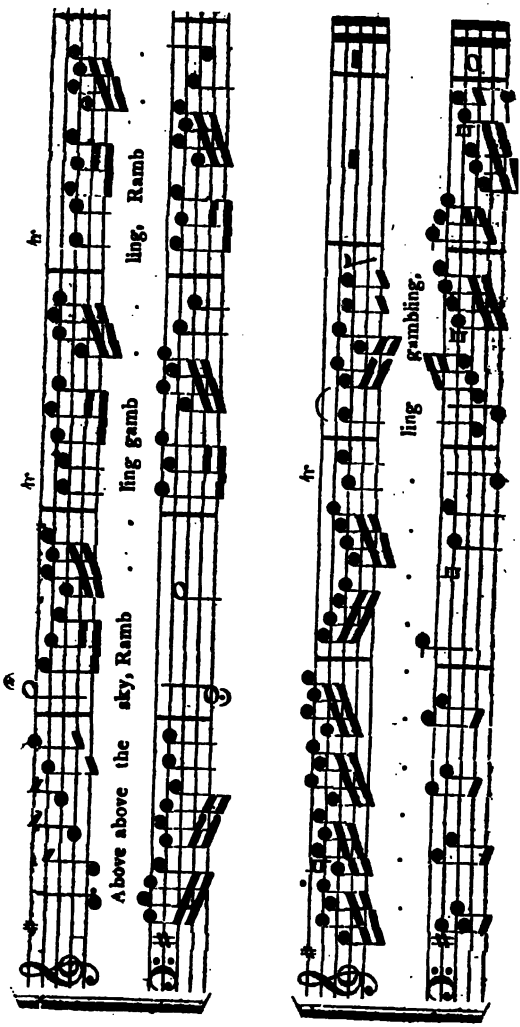

sweet Can - ter - bury, Or with a down, a high down derry; No, no victory
victory he ever got By jog . . . . . ling, jog . . . . . ling

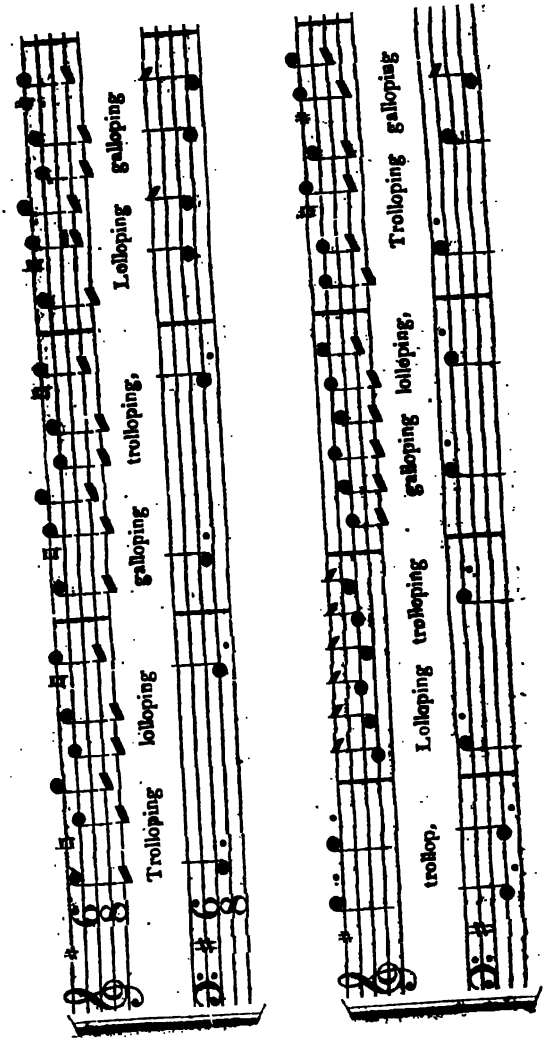

jog . . . . . ling trot, No muse harmonious
entertains Rough, roy'ring, rus . tic roar . . . . . ing

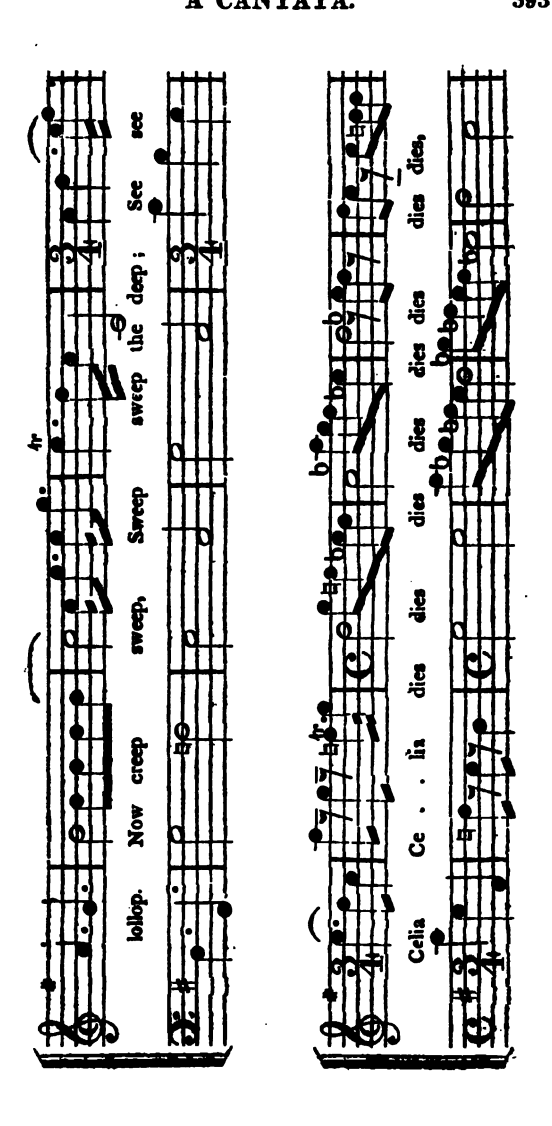

strains; Nor shall you twi ne the crack ling
crackling bays By sneaking, snivling roun de lays.

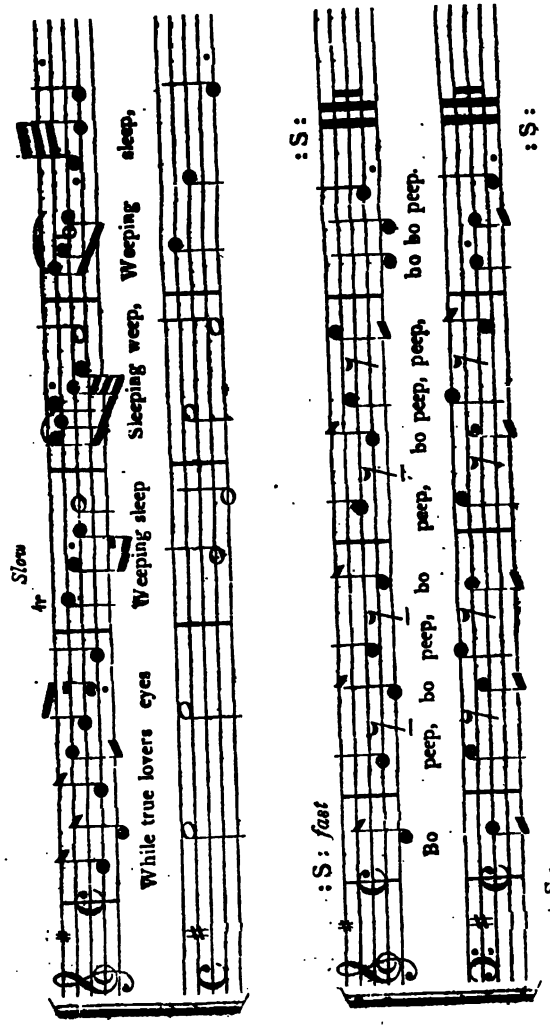

Now slowly move your fiddlestick; Now tantan tantan tantan tivi
fast
Now tantan tantan tantantivi quick : || : . . . :§: quick; Now tremb . . . .


ling, shiv
'ring, quiv
'ring quak
ing Set
:S:
hoping, hoping, hoping hearts of lovers akeing: Fly, fly,
:S:
:S:


Above above the sky, Ramb
ling gamb
ling, Ramb
ling
gambling,


Trolloping lolloping galloping trolloping, Lolloping galloping
trollop, Lolloping trolloping galloping lolloping, Trolloping galloping


lollop. Now creep sweep, Sweep sweep the deep; See see
Celia Ce . . lia dies dies dies dies dies dies dies dies dies,


Slow
While true lovers eyes
Weeping sleep
Sleeping weep, Weeping sleep,
:S:
:S: fast
Bo peep, bo peep, bo peep, bo peep, peep, bo bo peep.
:S:
:S:

VERSES

ON TWO CELEBRATED MODERN POETS.

BEHOLD, those monarch oaks, that rise,
With lofty branches, to the skies,
Have large proportion'd roots that grow
With equal longitude below:
Two bards, that now in fashion reign,
Most aptly this device explain:
If this to clouds and stars will venture,
That creeps as far to reach the centre;
Or, more to show the thing I mean,
Have you not o'er a sawpit seen
A skill'd mechanic, that has stood
High on a length of prostrate wood,
Who hir'd a subterraneous friend
To take his iron by the end;
But which excell'd was never found,
The man above, or under ground.
The moral is so plain to hit,
That, had I been the god of wit,
Then, in a sawpit and wet weather,
Should Young and Philips drudge together.*

* This is to be understood as a censure only of the poetical charac-
r of those gentlemen. As men, the Dean esteemed them both; and
Philips in particular conferred many signal acts of friendship. N.

UPON CARTHY'S* THREATENING TO TRANSLATE PINDAR.

You have undone Horace,—what should hinder
Thy Muse from falling upon Pindar?
But ere you mount his fiery steed,
Beware, O Bard, how you proceed:——
For should you give him once the reins,
High up in air he'll turn your brains;
And if you should his fury check,
'Tis ten to one he breaks your neck.

DR. SWIFT WROTE THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM ON ONE DELACOURT'S COMPLIMENTING CARTHY, A SCHOOL MASTER, ON HIS POETRY.

CARTHY, you say, writes well—his genius true;
You pawn your word for him—he'll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

* Carthy, a scribbling schoolmaster, wrote some severe lines on Dr. Swift and his friends. F.

END OF THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.

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